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The Week

MUSSOLINI has outdone himself. His speech threatening to go to war with Germany over the question of the Southern Tyrol is one of the most incredible performances of his incredible career. It shows again the danger to the peace of Europe when a person like this is allowed to remain at the head of an important state. To be sure, the war which he threatens is unlikely to take place. Germany is disarmed and cannot fight even if she wanted to. Italy will, if necessary, be called to heel by France and England. Nevertheless Mussolini's bombastic jingoism can do quite harm enough. It comes at the moment when Germany is at last ready to ask admission to the League of Nations. By alarming the country it will lend ammunition to those nationalists who have consistently opposed League membership on the ground that the Geneva institution is merely a rubber stamp for the Allies. The German-speaking inhabitants of the Tyrol were formerly Austrians, so that Vienna as well as Berlin is concerned. By drawing Germany and Austria closer together, the Roman dictator lends fresh color to the perennial story that they will seek to unite—a proposal which terrifies the French every time they hear of it. Mussolini has shown that for him the spirit of Locarno does not exist. He thereby makes its continuance more precarious everywhere else.

WHAT Italy has been doing in the Tyrol south of the Brenner Pass is about what Germany did in Alsace-Lorraine after 1870. Italy received the territory in 1919, without any consideration of the wishes of the inhabitants, in fulfilment of a promise made in one of the secret treaties of London. The district includes former Austrians, German by speech and race, to the number of 180,000 according to Il Duce, 220,000 according to other and less partial sources. During the past six years, the usual game has been played; as far as possible all traces of the former nationality have been stamped out. Italian has been made compulsory in schools, on railways, and in all official transactions. All German place-names have been made over. The people have been subjected to a series of petty annoyances, which have increased rather than diminished as time has passed, the purpose of which has been to make them Italians willy-nilly. As always happens, this effort has resulted merely in driving the nationalistic feeling of the Germans underground and intensifying it. At best, the alienated minorities of Europe constitute a grave problem; it is made five times worse by the sort of treatment Italy has given the Tyrol, and fifty times worse by such insane chauvinism as Mussolini has just exhibited.

ECONOMIC fundamentalism won a victory when the Attorney General filed suit against the proposed bread merger, and those who have no trust policy except to attempt to enforce competition ought to be perfectly satisfied with this action of the Coolidge administration. It was reasonably prompt, thorough and vigorous. For ourselves, we think it will turn out to be little but an empty ritual without substantial benefit. There is, in the first place, grave doubt as to whether the courts will decide that the bread merger does exhibit a sufficient "tendency to monopoly" or does practice the kind of "restraint of trade" which would warrant a decree against it. Suppose it should provide even as much as 50 percent of the nation's bread supply—that is far from monopoly control in the sense of ability to hold up the public by high prices. And it will certainly be

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difficult to prove that the existing bread companies have put competitors out of business by "unfair competition" or other forms of restraint of trade. On the contrary, they charge the same prices charged by the corner bakery. The economic fact is that the enormous profits made by great baking companies arise just because small, marginal competitors are allowed to live. These do not use the efficient methods of the big concerns, and the market price is set by their higher costs. The problem for the consumer is how he can share in the economies of large-scale production. He cannot do so either by destroying the economies or by depending on the competition of marginal, high-cost bakeries. He might do so by enforcing complete monopoly with price control, or by taxation of profits, or by public or consumer ownership. Progressives would not find Mr. Coolidge so ready to sponsor any effective remedy.

REPEAL of the publicity provisions in the present income tax law was to be expected; it is a logical part of a rich man's taxation program. Certain classes of taxpayers will now heave a sigh of relief. These include (a) those who have incomes so large that it is difficult to offer social justification for them, (b) those whose business or social ambitions require that creditors, acquaintances and rivals shall believe their incomes larger than they are, (c) those who by ingenious means of evasion or avoidance are paying taxes which look too small in comparison with their known incomes, (d) men afraid of designing wives or relatives. The great majority whose salaries and wages are already known and are generally discussed on the basis of their social desirability—e.g., the anthracite miners—will not be affected. Secrecy for incomes is a step backward in an age when business and other forms of economic activity are coming to be regarded more and more as social services and less and less as private properties. Of course it may justly be said that the old law did not provide enough information so that the real incomes could be known. The remedy for that, however, is not less publicity, but more.

POLITICAL pressure in favor of some action by the federal government to settle the coal strike is steadily increasing. Senator Copeland of New York is leading the agitation in favor of intervention. It looks as if he would finally succeed, but the intervention, if and when it takes place, is not likely to lead to constructive permanent legislation dealing with the sickness of the industry. The object of federal mediation will be to bring about by force the mining of coal for immediate consumption. It will not seek the institution of some permanent machinery which will seek to create a more coöperative relationship between the operators and the miners' union. Yet the administration has had fair and full warning of the need of some such proposal by the federal government. The Coal Commission diagnosed correctly the reasons for these periodic wars in the industry, and it indicated, if not a remedy for the disease, at least the direction in which such a remedy should be sought. But Mr. Coolidge and the Republicans are set in their minds against acting on anything except established ideas and are opposed to reforming anything except the super-taxes. He will not intervene unless he is forced and then he will interfere only in favor of some form of compulsory mediation or arbitration.

IT IS most unfortunate that the President is so little interested in pushing the recommendations of the Coal Commission. A real and a rare opportunity exists of arousing public opinion to the need of a reorganization of the industry in the interest of the steadier production of coal under conditions which will improve the efficiency of the industry and satisfy the fair claims of both the miners and the operators. The prolonged interruption of the mining of coal, the distress of the miners and the evidence of dissension among the operators have brought into existence among all three parties to the dispute a state of mind which tends to remove certain important obstacles to a constructive settlement. This is particularly true of the miners. Their last proposal to the operators was really disinterested and statesmanlike. It dropped any immediate demand for an increase of wages, suggested both a fact-finding commission and coöperation between the union and the operators in the interest of increased efficiency and indicated that the union would honestly help to get rid of the existing cause of friction in the industry. But in spite of the probably favorable response which the proposal of a constructive settlement would obtain from everybody except some of the operators, there is no indication that the administration will use the present opportunity to recommend such a proposed settlement to the industry and to the public.

IN the current debates on the tax bill Senators Couzens and Norris have fought most valiantly and ably against the overwhelming majority in favor of the bill. Senator Norris has been particularly vigorous in exposing the pretenses of those Mellonites who insist that the result of reducing the super-taxes will be to increase the contributions from rich men to the expenses of the government. In referring to Senators Edge and Fess he said: "One is going to vote against increasing the rate of these incomes, because the high rate will not bring in as much money as the low rate. The other is going to vote for the decrease because under the present law we are getting too much money and need to reduce the income of the government. You can put them together and vote as you please." He added: "One Senator argues that we will get more money at 20 percent than we will at 40 percent because the big fellows will hide their incomes. If I were one of those fellows I would be insulted if it were said

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that I was that kind of rascal, that if the government made me pay out of a $1,000,000 income a higher rate than a man with $100,000 income I would sneak around the corner and hide my income and perjure myself and deceive my country."

THROUGHOUT the debate it was apparent that the regular Republican and Democratic Senators had swallowed whole the Mellon propaganda and had ignored the statistical refutation of it which the Couzens committee has uncovered. They had to be constantly informed by Mr. Couzens and Mr. Norris of the existence of such figures. These figures which were published in the New Republic of January 27 indicated that the super-taxes had very little to do with the amount or the source of the money which was invested in tax-exempt securities. The Republicans after their victory at the last election are, of course, fully entitled to lower the super-taxes. They promised to do it, and they ought to redeem their promise. But it is a pity for them to pretend that they are doing it for the benefit of the American people rather than for the benefit of the millionaires. Senator Couzens added finality to the exposure of the hypocrisy of this argument when he said: "The only way we can get the man with tax-exempt securities who pays no income tax on them is through the inheritance tax, which ought to be 40 percent. Yet the Senators wish to take it off of him entirely and let him escape both ways."

PROPAGANDA by the wets and drys descended on the country in a new and torrential flood last week. Chief among the new developments was the anti-prohibition blast of Dr. James Empringham, national secretary of the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and former state superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League. Doctor Empringham declared that the 20,000 members of the C. T. S. are overwhelmingly in favor of modifying the Volstead law to permit the sale of light wines and beer. The chief reason he alleges is that the present situation of non-enforced prohibition is debauching our youth. Ever since his statement appeared, various prominent clericals have been uttering repudiations. That he does not represent the viewpoint of his own church is indicated by a poll of the Episcopal bishops made by the New York Times. Eighteen of twenty-three affirmed their belief that prohibition is, or can be made, a success.

THE Treasury Department has asked a drastic reorganization of the federal machinery for enforcement. Secretary Mellon wants the whole matter taken out of the hands of the Internal Revenue Bureau. Two new and separate bureaus, Customs and Prohibition, would be set up, each with its own chief. Another important reform is that recommended by the House Judiciary Committee and recently demanded in a statement by a long list of well known women, members of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement. It is that the whole prohibition service, from top to bottom, should be put under civil service instead of being, as at present, the happy hunting ground of the politician engaged in getting jobs for his friends. Prohibition, as the events of the past week prove, is by no means a dead issue. After six years, it is still just about the livest issue on the political horizon.

CHICAGO with its reputation for crass materialism nevertheless enjoys an honorable priority among cities of the world in dealing with a fundamental problem of society, the adjustment of youth to social conditions. It is the birthplace of the juvenile court. It was the home of such fruitful experiments with childhood as those conducted by Col. F. W. Parker and John Dewey. Some sixteen years ago Dr. William Healy assumed charge of the Juvenile Psychopathic Institute, which for five years was supported by Mr. William F. Dummer. Under the name, Institute for Juvenile Research, it was taken over by Cook County, as necessary to the procedure of the Juvenile Court. In 1917 it became a state institution. Its work had indeed become state-wide, and its influence international. Under the present director, Dr. Herman M. Adler, its services in individual cases of "problem children," referred to it by parents, the courts or the state reformatory institutions have come to occupy so large a part of its resources that no adequate attention can be given to the assimilation and scientific use of the large amount of data at its disposal. To enable the Institute to fulfil its proper function of research a committee of fifty judges, lawyers, physicians and others has been organized as The Friends of the Institute of Juvenile Research, to provide a fund of $55,000 annually for five years, for investigation into the causes of crime, delinquency and other deviations from normal behavior, and the success or failure of various methods of dealing with these behavior problems.

THE other day, nearly one thousand persons attended a luncheon meeting at the Hotel Sherman and carried the total subscription well over the halfway point. The national character of the enterprise was emphasized by the chief speakers, Dr. Adolf Meyer, Professor of Psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University, and President William Allan Neilson of Smith College. Addresses were also made by Dr. Isaac A. Abt, Professor of Pediatrics at Northwestern University, and Dr. Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago. Dr. Meyer dealt with the basic conception of the enterprise, "man's attempt to form his ideas about himself as an object of science." He pointed out that law is not scientific in method, proceeding as it does by rules and precedents applied to classes, that the principle of equity invoked by

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the juvenile courts finds its roots in a science of behavior, which recognizes that the one common fact to be predicated of mankind is that all its members differ from one another. He struck a note to which the audience responded unmistakably when he pleaded that the work of organizing health in society should be at least one-tenth as well done as the work of killing in war. President Neilson spoke of the work of psychiatrists in a college community and the necessity of training them in such an institute as Chicago has established. The Committee is in need of approximately $100,000 to complete the fund for research. Mr. Joseph Schaffner, of Hart Schaffner and Marx, is the Secretary.

The Victory of Mellonism

THE early votes on the disputed clauses of the new tax bill, such as those which reduce the super-taxes and revoke the provision for publicity, indicate what the final result will be. After having been defeated twice in his attempt to do away with the exceptionally heavy taxation of huge incomes, Mr. Mellon has finally won a complete victory. Hereafter the United States government will not collect more than 20 percent from any taxpayer, no matter if he receives $10,000,000 a year. It will levy 20 percent on all incomes above $100,000. It will apply, that is, the principle of gradation upon moderate incomes up to $100,000, but renonce its application for the benefit of the very rich. Those who are responsible for this tenderness to multi-millionaires justify it on the ground that taxation at a higher rate than 20 percent is unproductive, but in the Senate bill they also abandon the only tax which the federal government could use to reach fortunes which are invested in tax-exempt securities or have by any other means escaped the super-taxes. They do away with the federal estate tax. This particular example of tenderness to the very rich will probably be revoked in part, for the House of Representatives is reported to be in favor of retaining some measure of federal inheritance taxation, but the existing rates will be reduced and the way will be prepared for its ultimate discard. Finally, the government will also abandon the principle that an income tax return is a matter of public record which should be accessible to other people besides its maker and the tax officials. As a result of these lower schedules the war debt will not be reduced as rapidly as it has been and its burden will to an increasing extent be passed on to future generations. In every practicable way the present Congress will "reform" the system of federal taxation in order to suit the convenience and promote the power of a few thousand owners of very large fortunes.

The new tax bill is the natural sequel to the election of President Coolidge by an overwhelming majority. The administration believes frankly and sincerely in this policy, and so do all but a small minority of the Republican party. Nevertheless the policy is not being carried into effect by virtue of Republican votes. On the two previous occasions when Mr. Mellon attempted to relieve the rich of the burden of super-taxes, he was defeated in the Senate by a combination between the Democrats and the progressives. If the Democrats had persisted in their former opposition, he would probably have been defeated by a similar combination on this occasion. His victory is traceable chiefly to an alliance between the two major parties. In this respect, as we have frequently pointed out, the Democrats have reversed their recent policy, repudiated the traditions of their party in respect to taxation and permitted themselves to behave as the accomplices of the most extreme and characteristic brand of Republicanism. The Democrats are apparently disintegrating as an organized political group. The nomination of John W. Davis by the last Democratic national convention after the battle between McAdoo and Smith was the preliminary symptom of this disintegration. It was the first indication that the several factions could not muster the energy to differ radically from the Republicans without differing more radically from one another. At present the Democracy can unite only on a neutral policy or a neutral candidate.

Deserted by the Democrats the progressives are not unnaturally discouraged by the poor showing which they are making in the present Congress. Ever since 1910 progressive policies have at different times obtained a large measure of support in both parties, whereas now they are rejected by both parties, and the progressive representatives in the House and Senate are reduced to a mere handful. Of course it *is* discouraging to the members of a once powerful group to find themselves comparatively without influence in the government of their country, but they should not take their present impotence too seriously. If the progressives are justified in believing that a plutocratic government cannot in the long run promote the welfare of the American people, they can count with confidence on the future revival of resistance to the Republican party. Its policy is bound to stimulate popular expectations and needs which its government cannot continue to satisfy. It will provide a fertile soil for abuses which its leaders will not have the courage to remedy. When progressivism does revive, the Democrats will be unable to capitalize it for their own benefit. They have disqualified themselves for dealing radically with the economic issue. Bryanism as a formative influence in the Democracy is dead. It died during the presidential campaign of 1924 while Bryan himself was still alive.

The disintegration of the Democracy will improve the chances of Republican success at the next one or even two elections, but in the end it will create a vacuum which will have to be filled by a

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more vigorous and capable opponent. It will, that is, offer to the progressives an opportunity of dominating the formation of a party which will resist Republicanism instead of serving as its accomplice. That is why the progressives should not be discouraged by the refusal of the Democrats to coöperate with them in fighting Mellonism, but should as a result of this backsliding regard their prospects with increasing confidence. The government of the country by two parties, both of which were partly and occasionally progressive and partly and occasionally the reverse, has for a generation served to smother American progressivism. If one of these parties is by way of disintegrating, a new party alignment is foreshadowed in which progressivism should count as a positive factor.

It will not, of course, form the only positive factor. The New Republic has frequently called attention to the increasingly sharp definition of a cultural conflict between the older puritan small-town, native-born, Nordic Americanism and the newer easy-going Americanism of foreign origin which is growing up in the large cities. This conflict is at the present moment an effective agent of Democratic disintegration. It is, indeed, directly responsible for the extinction of Bryanism in the Democratic party, and indirectly responsible for the recent refusal of the Democrats in Congress to share with the progressives the fight against Mellonism. The Smith faction in the Democratic party considered it necessary to declare war on Bryanism in its economic as well as its Ku Klux aspect. It will doubtless continue to underemphasize the economic issue as long as its immediate objective is that of ruling or ruining the Democratic party. But after it has broken with the old Democracy for the purpose of asserting the cultural interests of the increasing urban population, it will be obliged in order to obtain recruits from other classes and justify its independent existence to take a sharp issue with Republicanism; and it cannot fight Republicanism without joining the progressives in fighting Mellonism.

During the next few years the position of the Republican party will have become extremely vulnerable. The temporary weakness of its opponents will increase its self-confidence and the disposition of its rich beneficiaries to profit from their privileges and opportunities. They will be far too powerful and successful for their own deserts. They will be too exclusively responsible for success in keeping the Coolidge Utopia alive. As soon as prosperity diminishes, the economic machine begins to creak and abuses are exposed, they will have to assume the whole burden of popular suspicion and resentment. They will have done nothing to anticipate the reaction and prepare against it.

If they had taken advantage of the ease with which business is carrying its existing burden of taxation to pay off the war debt with the utmost rapidity, if they had retained the excess profits tax and the high super-taxes for the purpose of paying the debt while the paying was good, they would have placed themselves in an enormously strong position to have resisted future attack. The quick reduction of the national debt at the expense chiefly of the rich who profited so much by the War would have diminished the financial responsibility of the government, and it would have disarmed the resentment which the unfortunate cherish against the rich and powerful during periods of privation and distress. The heavy taxation of huge incomes endows them with a public function. A democracy would have a persuasive motive for not troubling the owners of large fortunes who were sharing their surplus income with the public treasury. But if they are allowed to escape with light taxation and if, consequently, their fortunes tend to increase as merely private hoards, irrespective of the economic or social deserts of their owners, then they will eventually be exposed to a much more drastic attack. They will have become a dangerous and mischievous anomaly in the economy of an equalitarian democracy which will arouse fierce and perhaps in the end destructive resentment.

Progressives will act on the assumption that the victory of Mellonism, complete and decisive as it is, is only temporary. Instead of settling the status and function of large fortunes in American social economy, it has perpetuated the question in the form of a contentious and an irrepressible political issue. The fight against Mellonism has not come to an end. It has only begun. It will be resumed at the first favorable opportunity, which will come quickly. The Republican politicians, prompted by Mr. Mellon and sheltered by Mr. Coolidge's popularity, have presumed upon their victory at the last election and upon the present prosperity of the country. They have abandoned too many indispensable and fruitful sources of public revenue. As Professor Patterson showed in our taxation supplement, they may well in the near future have to deal with a deficit rather than with a surplus. The existence of a deficit and the economic distress with which it will be associated will furnish to the progressives a most favorable platform from which to denounce Mellonism and to demand a reënactment of the super-taxes. The American people must not be allowed to forget that the super-taxes imposed a large but not unfair share of the cost of government on that class which benefits most from it and which can best afford to carry the burden. They helped to diminish undesirable social inequalities among citizens without impairing the economically desirable accumulation of capital. It will be one of the chief tasks of progressives to keep American public opinion alive to these truths. The easiest way to socialize large incomes is to tax them heavily. If they escape with light taxation, they will tend to become the kind of moral and social danger to the Republic which compromises orderly social and political development.

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Public Power First

A CLEAR issue has arisen in New York state between public and private development of hydro-electric power, which deserves attention throughout the country. For the same principles apply in the main to Muscle Shoals, to the Colorado River project, to federal and state interest in power wherever it arises, and in general to the problem of regulation versus public ownership of utilities.

In the St. Lawrence and Niagara Rivers there are about 2,000,000 potential horsepower to be developed under projected plans. This power may be of great use to the population of New York and neighboring states. The prices charged for current and the manner of its apportionment will have a determining influence on industrial development, the values of agricultural life, city and regional planning, the convenience of urban dwellers—in other words upon many of the basic conditions of life for future generations.

The present law, administered by a Water Power Commission, provides for leasing to private corporations the right to develop this power, the corporations to be subject to the usual forms of commission control, the lease to terminate at the end of fifty years, and the state to have the right to purchase the properties of the corporations at the termination of the lease. The Commission, composed entirely of Republicans, is on the point of executing two leases for a greater part of this power, one to aluminum interests in which Secretary Mellon is a dominating influence, and one to a subsidiary of an interstate power combination with which a former Republican Speaker of the New York state Assembly is closely connected.

Governor Smith opposes both the law and the specific leases in question. He wants the state to develop its own water power. He wants to achieve this aim by abolishing the Water Power Commission and substituting for it a State Power Authority which, like the Port of New York Authority, would have corporate powers and would be backed by state credit. It could issue bonds to raise the money necessary for construction, and could proceed to build its own plants and operate them in behalf of the people of the state. It would have no stock and would pay no dividends.

Two elementary advantages of this measure over private development are pointed out by Governor Smith. One concerns its cost to the people during the period which would be covered by the lease to the private corporation, the other concerns the ability of the state to recapture the private corporation's property at the end of that period. If the state made the development, the entire cost would be covered by the bond issue which, being relatively safe, would carry a low rate of interest. This interest charge and the payments for amortization of the loan would constitute the sole tribute to private capital. Users of current would have to pay, besides operating expenses, only a low rate of interest on the actual cost of the development—a quantity known and unchangeable except in so far as it would be reduced by retirement of the bonds. If private corporations made the development, the users would have to pay interest charges at somewhat higher rates on private bond issues. They would also have to pay dividends to stockholders at higher rates still. Furthermore, the capitalization on which these interest charges and dividends would be paid would not be a minimum quantity fixed by the actual cost of construction, but a variable quantity complicated by such factors as future estimates of "reproduction cost," "going-concern value," etc. And the chances are ten to one that when the time came for the state to recapture the properties it would have to pay a sum far greater than their cost of construction, a sum so great, in fact, as probably to make purchase impracticable. Whereas if the state owned the properties from the beginning it would by the end of fifty years have amortized a large part even of the original cost and would have few fixed charges to meet.

Adherents of private operation of public utilities seem to assume that regulation really checks the price for service sufficiently so that there is little to choose in this matter between private and public enterprise. Yet it is difficult to see that regulation as it is now practiced furnishes much protection to the consumer. Rates are held by the courts to be confiscatory of private property unless they furnish a "fair return" on a "fair valuation." A "fair return" is often held to be 8 percent—sometimes it is higher, but not often lower by more than a point or two. This in itself provides a far larger charge than it would be necessary to pay in interest on state, federal or municipal bonds, even if the valuation were the same under both private and public ownership. But the valuation is not the same. In the case of public enterprises the value is automatically determined by book-keeping—it is inevitably the original cost of the investment made. But the courts have often held that a valuation of a privately owned utility which considers the element of original cost alone is confiscatory—if the original cost is below what it would cost to reproduce the properties, or does not include a vague commercial sort of value supposed to be possessed by a "going concern." The result is that when the price level rises, or when technical improvements or economies are made, or wider use reduces overhead and unit cost, the privately owned utility is legally enabled to take a large share of the benefits for its investors, while a publicly owned enterprise automatically passes them on to the consumer. And so on, through the many technical complications of accounting.

Although Governor Smith did not mention it, there are other considerations of the utmost importance. These concern the policies of management which, though they may not directly affect the return on the investment, do affect materially the

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welfare of the public or the workers. Given the necessity of a certain total return, for instance, how shall rates be apportioned among various classes of consumers? Shall we charge low rates to large users like manufacturing plants, and high rates to farmers and householders, or shall we encourage use for the convenience of individuals even though that may involve somewhat larger charges to factories? The strategy of rate-fixing affects the life of the community in vital ways. And shall we encourage greater urbanization, or a decentralization of population, through the way we arrange our lines? In such things the initiative rests with management; regulation provides a clumsy afterthought. Can anyone doubt that the Mellon type of management would be likely to follow less socially desirable policies than a public authority?

The public interest struggling through state or local commissions to cope with an entrenched private interest with its inter-state affiliations, its holding corporations, its tremendous resources, is a poor substitute for direct public management in the beginning, whether in rates-fixing or other matters. Regulation has, in the opinion of many who have followed it carefully, well nigh broken down in protection of the public interest. That is why it is so important for the public to retain and develop whatever rights it still has in the ownership of power sources.

There remains, of course, the standard argument that private ownership and operation is more efficient than public. Suppose for the moment that it is. May we not pay too high a price for such "efficiency"? But in the case of power developments there is little necessity for conceding this argument. The public can hire as good engineers and buy as excellent machinery as a private corporation. Private capital has no monopoly of the technique either for producing power or distributing it. A public corporation can use as good administrative methods. What magic is there in the existence of a few thousand private shareholders who, as Professor Ripley has so well shown, exercise not the slightest control through the existing tangle of holding corporations and banker managements, that can safeguard a great power monopoly against the "bureaucracy" which is supposed to inhere in ownership by consumers through their political organization? Ontario owns her own power and manages it so well that the apologists for the utility interests are kept busy trying to destroy the well earned reputation of the project. New York state now owns minor power plants. It is absurd to argue that in the nature of things a state corporation can handle this important development only with such gross inefficiency that all the obvious advantages of public ownership would be neutralized. If there is doubt about it, why not try public ownership first? The state can always turn its properties over to private interests, but having turned them over, it cannot always get them back.

Farmers' Coöperatives and the Federal Trade Commission

OBSERVERS of the American politico-economic scene are at the moment disposed to scrutinize closely all activities of the Federal Trade Commission—the official body which is presumed to function on behalf of commercial honesty. On February 9, 1925, this Commission was directed by the United States Senate (Resolution 329) to investigate the American and Imperial Tobacco Companies. The resolution called for two sets of facts: (a) the various inter-relations of the above-mentioned concerns, and (b) the methods used by these companies in opposing or boycotting farmers' coöperative marketing associations. The Commission's findings were to have been reported to the President on or before July 1, 1925; their report was, however, delivered on December 23.

The Commission's report to the President is a curious document. It completely exonerates, as might have been expected, the two tobacco companies but, and wholly unexpectedly, it reproaches the farmers' coöperative marketing association which was principally responsible for the original complaint. There is no evidence, says the Commission, "of illegal agreements, combinations or conspiracies between the American Tobacco Company and the Imperial Tobacco Company with respect to buying and selling of tobacco and tobacco products." Nor can it be proved that these companies have in any manner served as the cause of defection among members of the coöperative associations. The fact that the two above-named companies contributed funds "for the purpose of engaging in exceptional activities designed to promote the welfare of the auction market in opposition to the new coöperative" is explained by the Commission in terms of "natural rivalry between two competing systems." If large companies are to be permitted to combine their financial resources for purposes of fighting the coöperatives, and if this does not constitute unfair frustration, what is its meaning? The Commission appears to condone this form of opposition on the ground that the two companies knew what they were doing. The coöperatives may insist that they knew only too well.

According to the Commission there are no villains on the side of those whose interests are naturally in opposition to the coöperatives. Where, then, are the rascals? (Think of a government investigation which leaves everyone pure and white!) Answer: If the miscreants are not to be found on the outside, why not look inside? And, behold, there they are—as black and sinister as the corporations are white and innocent. Of course, the Commission had no mandate to investigate the coöperatives but, again, think of the ignominy of investigators who can discover no black to match their white. It appears that twenty-seven officials

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of the Tri-State Tobacco Growers' Coöperative Association have been financially interested in, and have been deriving profits in addition to their salaries from, a number of plants engaged in redrying association tobacco. In the case of two important officers, these profits have been considerable and at them the Commission directs its chief imputations. The directors of the Association attempt to refute these charges by insisting that they were aware of and approved their officers' activities; they further defend these activities on the ground that the privately owned redrying plants were engaged in an organized effort to increase the basic charge for redrying tobacco.

One of the two companies against which the tobacco coöperatives have complained, namely the Imperial Tobacco Company, is a British concern. It is one of the largest purchasers of American tobacco and is consequently an important factor of influence in the price system. This company has consistently refused to buy coöperative tobacco except in small amounts. The Federal Trade Commission appears to accept without question this company's explanation of its virtual non-coöperative purchase policy. They, it is claimed, have developed an elaborate system of grading tobacco under forty-nine classifications; this system of grading together with a specific method of packing is designed to meet the requirements of the Imperial Tobacco Company's foreign trade. But this very elaborate scheme of grading under the old auction system of marketing constitutes one of the evils which the coöperatives set out to remedy. It is precisely too elaborate; it gives the purchasers an unusual buying advantage since they set the standards for grading.

The opportunities for price-juggling within the grading system were graphically revealed during the past season. Independent buyers insisted at the beginning of the market that the year's crop was of low grade and they consequently bought at low prices. Experts of the coöperatives on the contrary insisted that the crop was above the average in quality. They must have been right since even the large buyers finally admitted that it was "one of the most *usable* crops on record." But they said this *after* they had bought a considerable quantity at low they had bought a considerable quantity at low prices. Why then, in the face of such facts, should the Federal Trade Commission naïvely regard the Imperial Tobacco Company's grading system as a legitimate reason for refusing to purchase coöperative tobacco?

In view of the evidence now at hand, there can be no question regarding the doubtful character of the transactions of the coöperative's officials indicted by the Commission. The fact that the board of directors of the coöperative association did approve the transactions when it became aware of them, and now affirms that it would have approved them at any time tends to mitigate but does not fully atone for the conduct of these officials. The Commission's finding will undoubtedly do great harm to the farmers' coöperative movement. It comes at a time when these associations are confronted with critical difficulties, and places in the hands of the opposition a weapon which may be used with most damaging results. Nothing can so effectively demoralize a coöperative organization as widespread suspicion directed at its leaders, and the Commission's report furnishes exactly the sort of partial information upon which suspicion feeds. We do not herewith call into question the validity of the Commission's report; we are merely puzzled by the obvious zeal displayed in exculpating the powerful tobacco concerns and the extraordinary manner in which the Commission appears to go out of its way to stigmatize the coöperatives. The entire tone of the report, including its half-hearted gesture in the direction of diplomatic approval of coöperative marketing in general, is unmistakably partial. If the highly organized tobacco concerns which have for years manipulated the tobacco-market to their advantage (they have grown wealthy while the producers of tobacco have continued to live on the margins of poverty) had employed propagandists on their behalf, they could not have secured a more serviceable instrument for defeating the coöperatives.

"I propose," said President Coolidge in his Chicago speech, "actively and energetically to assist the farmers to promote their welfare through coöperative marketing." He will need to be very active and energetic indeed if he is to offset the damage done by his Federal Trade Commission. On the other hand, this incident may serve to enlighten farmers and their leaders. They have, we believe, placed altogether too much confidence in coöperative marketing as a panacea. In addition, they have been excessively eager to keep coöperation safely within the present economic system; they have too far limited its processes; they have relied too heavily upon legal instead of moral sanctions; and they have complacently put their faith in experts with the result that thorough-going coöperative education has been neglected. Perhaps the ill wind blown by the Trade Commission may become the means of their further enlightenment.

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Germany's Coming Problem

The Prospects of the Second Dawes Year

THE Agent-General, the Commissioners, the Controllers, all the Jack-Daws set up to keep a close eye on Germany, have issued their first Reports.* They are clear and sensible documents, full of justice and common sense, and do credit to the corps of international civil servants, who—as one of the few good fruits of the Treaty of Versailles—are now, under the ægis of the Reparations Commission and the League of Nations, playing so big a part in the life of Europe.

The first Dawes year has been, it seems, plain sailing. The machinery has been introduced smoothly, with abundant good faith on both sides. The experts' forecasts of the yields from taxation and from the railways have proved conservative, and there are comfortable surpluses. The Dawes loan has duly greased the wheels. Deliveries in kind and collections under the reparations recovery act have so nearly covered the Annuity that it has not been necessary for the transfer committee to purchase foreign exchange except for the service of the loan. The fiscal benefits, which accrue to a country practically cleared of internal debt, state, local, and municipal alike, and owning its railway system free of encumbrances, a country moreover, which practices disarmament and has no entanglements, expenses or responsibilities abroad, are becoming evident in practice. Mr. Parker Gilbert points out that at the date of stabilization the entire national debt of the Reich in paper marks had a gold value of less than £50. Apart from reparations, Germany is a Finance Minister's paradise. She is a standing proof that a country can live through a capital levy far more unjust and far more drastic than Socialists have yet proposed, and survive to enjoy the benefits. No national debt, no private mortgages, no navy, no Mesopotamia. Truly the fruits of defeat are very tempting! But all the same a spectre looms up. She is not through with reparations—she has not even begun.

In spite of the excellent results which the commissioners and controllers relate, one feels in their reports a note of gravity and of uneasiness. They well know that their real troubles are ahead and not behind. I think that I can put the essence of the problem in a few words.

Last year the reparation annuity cost Germany about £47,000,000, out of which the Dawes loan furnished £40,000,000. Apart from this, Germany borrowed abroad some £33,000,000 by long-term external loans, and a large additional sum in the form of short-term credits. The Reichs-Credit A.G. has recently estimated the adverse balance for 1925, including the reparation annuity, at £200,000,000, met partly by loans and partly by German citizens bringing their capital back home. This figure is surely too high. But it would seem that, apart from the reparation annuity, Germany has a deficit of at least £50,000,000 per annum on foreign trade account. The published totals for exports and imports confirm this conclusion, even if we suppose that the former are 10 percent below and the latter 10 percent above the true figure. Moreover, the volume of foreign loans and the trade figures since October indicate that more or less the same state of affairs still continues. The problem of the transfer committee during the next three years is to convert this deficit of £50,000,000 into a surplus of £100,000,000.

How to do it? The orthodox prescription is to keep prices down by curtailing credit. No adequate export surplus will ever develop unless the price-level is kept down—all experts agree on that. Accordingly the Agent-General watches the credit policy of the Reichsbank with a keen eye. So far the Reichsbank has coöperated loyally. It has been maintaining a high and effective bank rate, rations credit, and keeps the volume of currency much below the country's needs at the present price-level.

What should we expect a priori from a credit policy on these lines? So long as the price-level is rising, even a very high rate of interest, up to 15 percent, is no burden on industry. If prices are rising at the rate of even 5 percent per annum, we can have boom conditions in industry in spite of a 10 percent rate for business loans. But so soon as prices cease to rise, and, worse still, if they begin to fall, a 10 percent rate becomes a crushing burden. This, I think, is the clue to the history of German business in the past year.

In September, 1924, when the Dawes scheme began, the mean between the wholesale index number and the cost-of-living index stood at 124. By December, 1924, this had risen to 131, by March, 1925, to 135, and by July, 1925, to 138½. So far the burdens of dear money had been fully compensated, so far as business was concerned, by the rising price-level. Meanwhile, the volume of currency, largely as a result of the import of gold out of the proceeds of the Dawes loan, was increasing much faster than prices—the total German circulation

* In particular, the "Report of the Agent-General for Reparation Payments" is a most able paper of first-rate importance, which should be closely studied by anyone who is interested in the German situation. It has not received in the press the attention which it deserves.

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rising by steady increments until in July, 1925, it was 30 percent greater than in September, 1924, as compared with a rise in prices of (say) 8 percent * during the same period. To such a tune, naturally and inevitably, business and employment stepped briskly. Between the same dates real wages rose nearly 10 percent, the percentage of workers unemployed fell from 12.4 percent to 3.5 percent, and the percentage on short time from 27.5 percent to 5.2 percent; whilst the tonnage of traffic handled on the railways increased by nearly 50 percent. By July, 1925, railway traffics were 99 percent of pre-war, and two months later real wages also were 99 percent of pre-war. Germany's economic recovery seemed almost complete.

But though God sent a gourd to shelter Jonah in his afflictions, God also sent a worm. And in the latter half of 1925 the worm of Deflation gnawed his way through. The Reichsbank's policy of credit restriction gradually became fully effective. The price-level ceased to rise, so that there was no longer any compensation for the 11 percent rate charged by the Reichsbank for loans. The volume of the currency was held in check at a figure which was hardly more than two-thirds of the pre-war requirements, after allowing for loss of territory on the one hand and for the rise of prices on the other. In fact, in the autumn of 1925, Germany was trying to carry on a volume of production with a volume of banking credit and monetary resources very inadequate to the existing price-level. Provided the Reichsbank stood firm at the sources of credit, it was certain that either the volume of production must give way, or else the level of prices. As is apt to happen on these occasions, it was the volume of production which yielded. The usual symptoms began to make their appearance—bankruptcies greatly increased, the prices of industrial shares fell (during 1925 the Frankfurter Zeitung index fell 42 percent), and the percentage of workers unemployed and on short time steadily increased. The numbers in receipt of unemployed relief rolled up rather slowly at first, increasing from 195,000 on July 1, 1925, to 364,000 on November 1. But thereafter the rate was so rapidly accelerated that by December 15 the unemployed numbered 1,057,031, and by the end of the year the total had reached 1,486,000. Governor Schacht has topped his million unemployed in Germany by the remorseless working of the same beautiful and reliable technique by which Governor Norman had previously achieved a comparable figure in England.

Now to put 10 percent of the working population of Germany on to the relief fund does not help reparations. But the transfer committee is faced with a difficult dilemma. If they acquiesce in the Reichsbank's relaxing its hold on credit and allowing the German price-level to follow its tendency to approximate to the world-level, they will have to abandon hope of developing an adequate export surplus in the near future.

It has always been evident to me that the problem of reparations must become, as soon as we got to real business—which is now for the first time—a problem of the real wages of the German workers. The German worker has very nearly recovered his pre-war real wages. If we take Germany's losses of capital and of markets into account, it seems unlikely that this fortunate state of affairs can be compatible with the development of an export surplus adequate to meet the full reparation annuity. The work of the transfer committee must become, more and more obviously as time goes on, a struggle to reduce the German workers' standard of life. The first stage of the Dawes plan has been to give Germany a much-needed breathing-space, and to replenish her resources with foreign loans. This stage has naturally benefited the workers. The serious unemployment now prevalent is, as I read it, the first episode of the second stage—it is the result of an attempt to reduce prices and wages by the method of credit restriction. It is conceivable that this method may be partly successful in bringing down wages. But the transfer committee needs a combination of good trade and low wages in order to effect its objects, and I doubt if the method of credit restriction can bring off the double event. Perhaps the Committee will be compelled to attack wages, which is their real objective, in some more direct way.

"Sound" finance has Germany by the throat, just as it has England. I expect that it will not be shaken off except by a political storm. Big business in Germany is very ready to work loyally with the Dawes Commissioners, partly for love of a quiet life, partly in order to preserve good relations with foreign financial interests. But a situation may not unlikely arise in which no German government which obeys the behests of the transfer committee can retain the votes of the electorate. If that happens, what threats will the Allies offer to overawe the German public? A campaign by the Western powers for the explicit purpose of forcing down the standard of life in Central Europe will not be a bull point for the capitalist cause, and may give to the forces of unrest further East the opportunity for which they wait.

The mild and peaceful reports of the first year's doings do not correct my instinct that I profoundly dislike the whole business. We must hope that those in charge will continue to pursue quiet and sensible courses, will hesitate to push anything to its logical conclusion, will ease out the credit situation as much as they can, and will be content for some time yet with moderate results. At present Germany is the economic danger-spot in Europe.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London.

* A change in the basis of calculation of the cost-of-living index may be partly responsible for the 12 percent rise, given by the figures quoted above. It is safer to assume an 8 percent rise.

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Gutter Literature

HAVE you looked over the wares displayed on an average news-stand lately? If not, there is a surprise in store for you. Within the last year or two a whole new type of periodical literature has sprung up in this country—most of it new in substance and all of it new in that it is now displayed openly where anyone, of any age, who possesses the requisite ten or twenty cents, may walk up and buy. The simplest, most accurate phrase by which to describe it is "gutter literature." Taken in the mass, it represents a social phenomenon of decided importance, which merits far more attention than it is getting.

The circulations of these new magazines run up into the millions; and some of them are still increasing, and rapidly. Fresh titles appear almost daily, seeking to outdo one another in sensationalism, vulgarity and often in obscenity, obscenity which either veils itself behind an affectation of smug moralizing, or openly and unashamedly appeals to the sex instinct at its worst—by which I mean, to passion without any hint of love, to casual promiscuity, which is described in terms of glitter and excitement as aphrodisiac as possible—and as false to the truth.

These magazines fall into various groups, which, while all more or less similar, should for the sake of clarity be discussed separately. One of the commonest is the risqué story group. It consists exclusively of fiction, corresponding more or less to what the "French farce" is on the stage. The formula on which these stories are based is well standardized, though variations in outcome are permissible. Let a woman be exposed to a sex danger, either at the hands of a brutal and unscrupulous male or under the excitation of her own overpowering and all-devouring passion. She may then either successfully resist the aforesaid dastardly male, or may succumb to the compelling passion. In either case (and here is the meat of the matter) the author must see to it that she emerges a better and nobler woman, who has been lifted to a new and almost excruciatingly fine moral plane because of the experience she has undergone.

To be sure, this formula is not original. It has been in use in literature of this general type for many years. Never, however, has it been brought to the pitch of perfection found today; and never have the authors and publishers been so brazen in the open distribution of their wares.

I do not know how I can describe the general tone of these magazines better than in the following words of one of their editors. The document quoted is his letter of instructions to his authors:

A Few Hints

I intend to keep——a sex magazine, but sex need not necessarily mean dirt. I want to stick to elementals, sex-elementals—the things closest to the heart of the average woman or girl, whatever her ignorance or sophistication. Above all, I mean to lift the moral tone of the magazine. I believe that to treat sex trivially is to diminish its dramatic value, while sober treatment enhances it. Characters may do anything they please but they must do it from some lofty, or apparently lofty, motive. If a girl falls, she must fall *upward.*

I am particularly partial to the story attacking conventional morals, exposing their hypocrisy and pointing to a higher standard. And the moral of a story need not be the conventional one: it can be personal, original, even weird, if it can be put over as superior to existent morality.

I also like stories of "bad" women who, judged by a higher standard, are really quite good.

The dramatization of some moral theme, of a moral standard, of a moral vogue, will always interest me.

In foreign stories, I mean to stick for the moment to the type of story bringing out dramatically some point in which the foreign attitude towards sex differs from ours. In other words, how the French girl, for instance, meets her special sex problems and how these differ from the American girl's. Only foreign stories featuring this element, playing on the American girl's curiosity about Old World morality, as compared with her own, will interest me at the present time.

Editor.

The pressure on authors for sex stories instead of other material is evidenced by the following ingenuous statement by the Ten Story Book in the Writers' Market Department of a literary trade journal, the Writers' Digest:

> We will, in the future, pay on acceptance for all sex stories and said acceptance will be made within a week of receipt of manuscript, or same will be returned to author. Non-sex stories, of which we are far less in need, will be paid for on publication as in the past.

A few titles from magazines of the risqué story group will indicate their general atmosphere better than any amount of description at second-hand:

Red Experiences With Models

One, Two, Three—Out!

One man leads to another in the hectic life of the pretty flapper.

Aphrodite's Guests

If you've forgotten your mythology, Aphrodite—more widely known as Venus—was the hot momma of goddesses.

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NONO STEPS OUT

JUST AN ICE GIRL
A sizzling pink phosphate or a cold gin fizz—what'll you have?

The ten chief exemplars of this sort of thing last year reached a combined circulation of a million copies of each issue. And they are still growing.

Another new and enormously popular type of periodical is the "confession" magazine. Its contents are invariably written in the first person. They are labeled genuine, though in reality they are, of course, produced professionally under formula. Since they are very easy to do, no plot technique or writing skill being necessary, a whole new crop of "authors" has sprung up to produce the grist for these hungry mills. Editorial advice from the office of one such journal, typical of all, is as follows:

> Here's a man, see? And his wife, see? And another man. Write about that. And let the shadow of a bed be on every page but never let the bed appear.

These magazines pride themselves—oh, so earnestly and incessantly!—on their morality. No matter how wicked a girl may be during the exciting days about which she confesses, she must always have reformed and learned her lesson before the final paragraph is reached. One of the organs of this type, lest in some unhappy instance the formula might fail, has a body of selected (sic) ministers pass upon every story before publication.

Once in a blue moon, of course, a genuine confession does find its way into these endless pages of turgid, sentimental slush. There is some justification, in fact, for the new proverb: "The wages of sin is a check from a confession magazine." Generally speaking, however, the standardized fictitious product proves more satisfactory to the editors than the real thing. Fiction is stranger than truth. Also, it is easier to get into the product which is manufactured on the premises just the right proportion of salaciousness, just the proper leering smirk, to be succeeded when the psychological moment arrives by the pious demureness of the brand clutched from the burning.

Take a look at the title page of a typical issue, and then see whether it is any wonder that shop girls cry for it:

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS
She Feared to Lose her Girlish Charms, Then—

TWO WIVES AND ONE ROOF
Can a Man Love Two Women at the Same Time?

WHAT I NEVER EXPECTED
A Familiar Love Story With a New Final Chapter.

THE COST OF CHEATING
He Found the Injury Was to Himself Alone

THE WAGES OF SIN
Out of the Depths Came a Nobler Womanhood

THE MOTHER HEART
A Soul That Was Torn Between Two Loves

BLIND LOVE
She Watched and Prayed for His Coming Until—

WOMEN WITH A PAST
And the Trick of Fate That Brought Them Together.

THE SHADOW OF HER SIN
It Returned to Darken Her Late Life.

CONFESSIONS OF A CROOK
A Story of Life in Prison and Out.

MURDER WILL OUT
She Thought Her Youth's Secret Forever Hidden, But—

THE GIRL BETWEEN
Who Almost Shattered a Young Wife's Happiness.

THE HEART OF A HUNCHBACK
The Tale of One Who Thwarted Nature's Cruelty.

THE BOND OF BLOOD
Proving That It's a Small World After All.

MY TWICE WED HUSBAND
Vows That Were Broken and Mended Again.

LOVE'S TRAGEDY
What Happened to the Girl He Left behind Him.

The growth of magazines of this character is almost unbelievable. One of them started about four years ago with an initial print order of a little more than 100,000 copies. It has now passed the two million mark. There are several imitators, and while none has quite equalled this achievement, most of them have succeeded in attaining figures which in any other journalistic field would be regarded as phenomenally large.

Another distinct group which should not be overlooked is that which provides as its chief fare what might be called "smoking-car anecdotes." Barnyard humor, pleasantries of the high-school debauchés, fly-specked, off-color jokes are the principal items. These publications are small in size, badly printed on cheap paper and very expensive, which facts do not prevent their having a sale which runs into many thousands.

Another important group is made up of straight-out imitations of the famous and naughty Vie Parisienne. The drawings are similar to those in the French original. This type of paper differs from most of the others under discussion in that its text

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is somewhat sophisticated, and a slight degree of intelligence on the part of the reader is necessary. On the whole, however, as the circulations show, there is more salacious excitement to be got from the pages of the purely home-grown product.

The newest and one of the most popular of the cycle of publications which base their appeal definitely on sex is the "Art magazine." Of these we have had a deluge in the past year.

Their publishers are extremely moral men, and their only aim, according to their own editorial announcements, is "to bring reproductions of the old masters within the reach of the populace." However, even a low-grade moron ought to be able after glancing through the pages of a single issue to realize that this is only camouflage; and I cannot imagine why the pretense is kept up unless it be for protection in case of court action. These magazines have one idea and one alone: the portrayal of nudity. Some of the pictures, it is true, are reproductions from art galleries; but just as many more are photographs of self-conscious chorus girls. In other words, the appeal of these periodicals is no more nor less than that in the old-fashioned "French picture postcards" which used to be offered for sale at two for a quarter—"mailed to you in a plain envelope."

Some time ago complaints were made against some of the periodicals of this character. The publicity in the papers promptly boosted the circulations until one of them, selling at a very high price, is now printing 200,000 copies of each issue.

Some of my readers may be surprised to know that a majority of all the publications I have been discussing are planned by their publishers for women readers. Rightly or wrongly, the editors believe that the ladies are more voluminous print-consumers than the men, even when it comes to stuff of this sort. While there are some of these periodicals which seek to interest men—and boys—there are three times as many which do not.

Most of these journals, of course, and particularly the very popular confessional type, base their appeal on the fact that for the average man, and even more, for the average woman, leading the common existence in this country, only partially literate, with limited financial resources, real life is a drab, dull and sordid affair. For such individuals the keenest pleasure, and almost the only pleasure, comes with temporary escape into a world of illusion and fantasy, where they can identify themselves with the imaginary heroes and heroines whose life experience is satisfactory in every point where their own is not. For this reason, the literature of escape which these magazines offer in such direct and simple form makes a powerful appeal, and one which it would be very difficult to break down. It is perhaps also for this reason that moral reformers, so busy with other aspects of our national life, have almost entirely ignored the growth of these new periodicals. After all, the malady does not lie only in the willingness of publishers to pander nor that of readers to be pandered to. In part at least, it is a malady of our civilization itself.

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE.

Bebe Is Saved!

MISS DANIELS is young. Miss Daniels is beautiful. Miss Daniels is connected in a not unimportant way with the celluloid canning industry of Hollywood. Fifty million Americans know her at sight. Forty million are aware what are her favorite etiquette book, vanishing cream, set of the classics, lip stick, French poet, patent flooring joists. Thirty million have heard what type of lover she prefers in the films, her views on Shakespeare, reparations, short skirts, behaviorism, misbehaviorism, Plato, Sappho and the auto. Twenty million call her by her first name, pronouncing it like the cognomen of a well known writing scientist of whom (though he too is famous) they have never heard. Ten million cherish her photograph, signed dashingly in white ink across the diaphragm.

To Miss Daniels at the studio in Hollywood, amid the tiger skins and gingham aprons of her combined dressing-room, swimming-pool and throne chamber, comes a package. A small box. Wrapped, sealed, addressed, stamped, stamps cancelled, return address. Who, and for that matter, whom, is it from? Why not open it? A good idea. Look—it's candy! Through the serried ranks which cling about the royal couch, through maids, hairdressers, beauty experts, French teachers, interviewers, photographers, cameramen, scenarists, directors, assistant directors, studio lizards, extra people, runs the whisper: *It's candy.*

Back from the fringe of the periphery, born in who knows what corner of what brain, comes the answering whisper, through lizards, assistant directors, French teachers, hairdressers, maids: *Maybe it's poisoned.*

From the million-dollar throat a shriek. Halted are the five-hundred-thousand-dollar teeth on the very edge of taking a bite. Another shriek (solo). Answering shrieks (chorus). It's poisoned! POISONED!

Through the crowd, outward bound, bursts a press agent. He runs, turning purple, to a telephone. Main, 6841, for Gossake. Yeh, 6841, for Gossake. H'lo, zis Malgamated Press? Listen, Bebe—box. Peppermints—poison. Anarchist—anonymous. Gossake!

In ten thousand cities, a hundred thousand newspaper copyreaders in shirt sleeves flick blue pencils across manuscript, under orders: Cut out everything but the list of names. To them rush boys with sheets torn fresh from the automatic printing telegraph. They look, they howl. One leaps to the

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composing-room phone, one to the news editor. Jim, quick, get ready for a replate on page one. Four columns, take out that Washington bunk. Gimme the morgue Miss Starsen, quick. Bill, rush down a two-column of Bebe.

The printing telegraph rattles and clicks. ADD BULLETIN BEBE HOLLYWOOD, FEB. 4.—THE NAME OF THE SENDER IS NOT KNOWN 3:31 P NEW LEAD BEBE HOLLYWOOD, FEB. 4.—AVERTING DEATH BY HAIR'S BREADTH BEBE DANIELS NOTED SCREEN STAR TODAY HAD MIRACULOUS ESCAPE WHEN BOX POISONED CANDY WAS SENT BY UNKNOWN DASTARD. . . . The copyreader's pencil races: No. 1 hd. Bebe with cut Film Star Gets Deadly Sweets two col. caption pg. 1 No. 1 hd. Bebe. Bebe Daniels, Famed Screen Favorite, Who Gets Poisoned Candy—Was Maniac Lover Maddened by Seeing Her on Screen? . . .

A million news-stands. Thirty million tired people hurrying home to supper. Hurrying through snow in Minnesota, slush in Baltimore, hot sunshine in Florida. Extra, Dailunoozgazetteheraldclarion. Movie queen poisoned! Gee wiz! Here boy, gimme 'em all.

Twenty million kitchens with the sound and smell of frying: frying chops, steaks, hamburger, ham, pork, cutlets, liver, potatoes, eggs, onions. Gosh, Ma, lookit—they sent poisoned candy to Bebe. Listen, George, somebody tried to kill Bebe Daniels. Yeah. Mame, is that Harry on the phone? Listen, ast him if he seen about Bebe Daniels. . . .

In Hollywood, work has been suspended. We won't shoot those scenes today. No, she's not in the mood. No, the candy's gone to the chemists. Yeah, they're gonna see what kind of poison it is. No, no news till tomorrow.

Tomorrow. A reporter at a telephone. Are you the chemist? This's the A. P. Put him on, will ya? Listen, this's the A. P. What kind of poison was that they tried to feed to Bebe Daniels in that candy? No poison at all? Candy all right? Thanks.

In ten thousand cities a hundred thousand copyreaders blue pencil their copy. HARRISBURG, FEB. 5.—EFFORTS TO SETTLE THE COAL STRIKE BROKE DOWN HERE TODAY. . . . WASHINGTON, FEB. 5.—WAYNE B. WHEELER ISSUED A HOT REPLY TO CRITICS OF PROHIBITION HERE TODAY . . . MIAMI, FEB. 5.—NO IMPORTANCE IS ATTACHED HERE TO YESTERDAY'S HURRICANE AND FLOOD. . . . HOLLYWOOD, FEB. 5.—NO POISON WAS IN THE CANDY RECEIVED YESTERDAY BY BEBE DANIELS. . . .

Throw it away, says the head of the copydesk. We got no time for those denial stories. Listen, here's a hot one. CHICAGO, FEB. 5.—GILDA GRAY DID HER FAMOUS SHIMMY IN THE COURSE OF A REGULAR CHURCH SERVICE HERE LAST NIGHT. THE PASTOR DEFENDED THE IDEA SAYING. . . . That's what we need. Phone up to the morgue for a three-column cut of Gilda, and tell Jim to hold page one for a makeover.

Thirty million tired people hurrying home for supper. Here y'are, paper, Gilda Gray shimmies in church. Gee wiz! Boy, gimme a Clarion. Say Looie!—listen at this: Gilda Shimmies to Pep Up Church Service. Cute Naked Knees Needed to Bring Crowds, Says Pastor. Oh, boy! Listen, let's go to the movies after supper. Call up Mame and have her meet us. They's a Bebe Daniels over at the Fairyland, and I hear it's a wow.

B. B.

Washington Notes

THE expected assault on Secretary of the Interior Work, which was to have resulted in driving him out of the Cabinet and over which there was much trembling apprehension in the Department, seems for some curious reason to have been postponed if not abandoned. It merely goes to show that in politics as in life the most serious troubles are the ones that never occur.

Here were Doctor Work and Stephen Mather, his astute and trusty Superintendent of Parks and right-hand man, worked up into a high fever of excitement over what they believed to be the black conspiracy of a group of Western Senators to thwart the constructive policies of the Department. Here they were — and still are — all braced to fight for their lives against an "unscrupulous cabal." And nothing happens—at least, nothing up to this writing. Of the bitter hostility in the Senate to Dr. Work there is not the shadow of a doubt. Nor is there any doubt that before the session is over some pretty heavy brickbats will be heaved at him and his land office policy in Montana, New Mexico and elsewhere. But the grand scalping party scheduled last December apparently will not come off. Some of the Senators who at that time were most ferociously determined not to sleep, eat or drink until the Secretary and his trusty Stephen were both in full flight, have concluded that after all perhaps things will work out, that there are more important and profitable ways of passing their time, that a Senatorial feud with a Department head backed by the administration—even an administration like this one—does not do anybody much good.

Just why the fierce fighting spirit against Work that filled these fellows last fall has cooled I am not prepared to say, although there are some interesting rumors going around Washington. Of one thing I am sure: that Doctor Work and Mr. Mather had no intention of lying down under the expected assault, and every idea of hitting back as hard and often as they could. It is said that for one

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thing, a back-fire of charges and allegations against Senator Cameron would have been set up by friends of Doctor Work, which would, to say the least, have been interesting enough to give the Senate something besides the land office policy about which to think. But as I say, while Doctor Work probably will be subjected to considerable criticism in the Senate before the session is over, actually the steam has gone out of the fight against him. I am credibly informed that Doctor Work and the trusty Steve are smugly satisfied with the situation. Certainly they have lost that nervous, jerky manner and the harrowed and harassed look that characterized them both a few months ago. My own belief is that back of the change in the situation there has been considerable politics of one sort or another—that some more of the sort of thing that Mr. Coolidge did with Mr. Culbertson has been going on. I make no particular charges, but the singular softening toward Doctor Work of some of the most violent of his Senatorial foes justifies me in making certain insinuations —and that is what I am doing.

Speaking of unpopular Cabinet members naturally brings to mind the name of Curtis D. Wilbur, our noble Secretary of the Navy. Strange as it may seem I am beginning to have a certain amount of sympathy with this unfortunate person. Of course he is a complete loss as head of the Navy and as a member of the Cabinet. He just does not fit and the most complete proof of this is that he is the only man in Washington who does not know it. He is an extremely unsensitive person, but not so unsensitive as not to know he is under attack and that his relations at the White House and with his colleagues in the Cabinet are coldly formal instead of warmly cordial. It is easy to say he ought to get out; but how is he to do it and save his face? And of course it is necessary to save his face. You cannot pull a man off the Supreme Bench of a great state, thrust him into the Cabinet and then drop him off the end of the wharf with neither apology nor excuse. I do not blame Mr. Wilbur for not accepting that tender of Governor Richardson a few months ago, offering him his old place as Chief Judge of the California bench again, because there was a trap door there through which he would surely have fallen. The appointment would have lasted less than a year and he would almost surely have been beaten for the election in November.

Now then, that bait having failed and properly failed because it was not good bait, how is he to get out or be got out? If he were an ingenious and sensitive fellow of course Mr. Wilbur would himself find a way. But he is not; nor has he the slightest imagination. His health is good and he has no policies in regard to the Navy which differ from Mr. Coolidge's policies—or lack of them. There is no chance for open friction or disagreement between Mr. Wilbur and his chief. Why then should he get out and what reason could be given for his resignation that would not subject him to humiliation? It is easy enough to say he ought to recognize that he has failed and that his retirement would be a relief to Mr. Coolidge and to the Cabinet generally, but Mr. Wilbur does not in the least recognize these things. He would not be Mr. Wilbur if he did recognize them. He regards the criticisms and attacks upon him as wholly unfounded and unjust and as really aimed at Mr. Coolidge. He resents them and he is bewildered by them, but he is not convinced and he will not be convinced that they are anything but vicious and unjust. He will be with us probably to the end of the Coolidge régime, consciously righteous, rigidly loyal to Mr. Coolidge, lost in admiration of Mr. Mellon, resentful of the criticism, on the defensive and more or less miserable — but none the less holding on and punctiliously attending every social function to which he is bidden.

It has nothing whatever to do with his qualifications and I do not even know that such is the case, but it is interesting if it is true that Colonel William Donovan, the militant and engaging person who is generally recognized as the real Attorney General, is the only Catholic holding a conspicuous position in the whole administration here in Washington. The type of mind around Mr. Coolidge is illustrated by the way Colonel Donovan is regarded by the little group of Massachusetts politicians who constitute the Coolidge inner circle. With some of these Colonel Donovan is not personally a favorite. His general independence and habit of saying what he thinks rasps on them. It particularly rasps on them—and on the President, too—to have it stated boldly and publicly as it has been so often and is again stated here that Mr. Sargent is a figurehead who knows nothing about the work of the Department, never will learn, is in fact hopelessly bewildered, and that Donovan does the work and runs the Department. The particular reason they do not like that is because it is true. And because it is true and because they know it and almost everybody else knows it, they—at least some of them—cordially dislike Colonel Donovan. He of course never states or even intimates it himself. In fact he resents the idea and denies it with great vigor. However, they conceal this dislike and except privately would deny its existence.

There is no plot to get rid of Colonel Donovan. He will never be made Attorney General by this President no matter what happens to Mr. Sargent, but he is perfectly safe in his present place. No matter how much they might like to get someone else whose work would shine less brightly they will let Colonel Donovan alone no matter what he does. In private they whisper that the reason is he is the one Catholic in a conspicuous government position and it would be impossible to get away with these Ku Klux collectors' appointments in the South, if anything should happen to him. Little as he will relish it, his religion is a political protection to Colonel Donovan. The practical political end of the administration looks upon it as an administration asset, a sort of antidote against charges of being pro-Klan. It is fine to have him in as Assistant to the Attorney General, but whether the present Attorney General dies or resigns or sticks they won't make Bill Attorney General. They don't mind saying so, and they don't mean maybe.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Maurice Sterne's Exhibition

THE relation between the sculpture and the painting of Maurice Sterne is curiously pointed. The paintings are not limited in their own art by partaking too much of the nature of sculpture; nor do the statues, by drawing on chiaroscuro, suggestive moods and impressions, fudge their way into effects not essentially sculptural, as so much sculpture does, Rodin for example very often.

In Maurice Sterne's work each of the two arts keeps within its own terms. And yet the fundamental quality beneath them is remarkably the same. The exhibition at the Scott and Fowles Gallery shows twenty-seven paintings, two busts in bronze and a full length bronze figure, somewhat more than twice lifesize. Beneath all this exhibition, the bronzes and the varied canvases, there is the same superb economy of surface and the same rich subtlety of tones; there is the same sense of a powerful inner source and outwardly of a long and mystical labor and pains; there is the same presence of a magnificent creative return and repeated technical attack that are an essential part of this artist's genius.

In modern sculpture there must be very few things, and in all sculpture none too many, that can show the living form, the gradation of surfaces, the complete rhythm seen from every point that The Awakening, the large bronze, can show. The figure is a woman who sits with the right arm supporting her as she leans slightly backward, the right leg drawn up so that the foot rests flat on the ground; the left leg is extended, the left arm raised and bent around the head, the face thrown back. From this head, this firm right shoulder, this left shoulder raised by the arm and relaxed by it, the beautiful torso swings downward, with such limpid suspension of its weight and perfect vitality of line as you almost never see in art. The breast and abdomen give the sense of something that is alive and warm within an abstract form; you sense the viscera and their habitation among the stronger bones, their distribution among the natural divisions of the figure. You can see that if you took this statue and cut it through at its largest points, the outlines of each of these new surfaces would be lovely and vibrant, as are the cross-sections of flowers and the forms in nature, at every point. That same quality is present in the head with the helmet too; and in that piece, because of its size perhaps, there is even more sense of content pressing against form; how finely its solidity proceeds from its centre!

Of the paintings there is the shepherdess lying asleep with her flock nearby, beautifully imagined and distinguished. You can only look at it and observe how far it is from trivial resemblance or sentimentality or the mere inanities of the studio. You observe the extraordinary solidity of the girl's body, how it establishes its central fact in the midst of that tender abstraction of the green world around. There is The Reapers, marked by a stronger rhythm than that picture of the shepherdess from whose body spreads the surrounding nature like a dream. Action is set here in The Reapers against the maturity of the grain; the harsh, strong forms of the peasants bend their pattern against the ripeness and abundance around them.

Of the still-lifes there are two studies of apples, one of green and brown spread on a white cloth against square tiles, another of red apples in a bowl, both trenchant and masculine, fine texture and color, elusive and arresting design. The best of the still-lifes, of which the flower pieces, though very unequal, are in the main good too, is the painting of a dish of purple figs, with yellow fruit disposed almost singly at each lower corner of the composition. The tiling shows as a background of this study also, squares summing up the picture's tone and broken up with arbitrary purple masses. Why this picture is so beautiful, so austerely sensuous and compelling, or what gives it its finality, cannot be said. You can only say that it measures two feet wide by one and a half high perhaps, a decorative dimension; say that the painting in it is luscious and severe at once—certainly nothing could be imagined more gorgeous and happy than the rendering of the figs—that the transitions in color and line are original and full of a certain sombre liveliness.

Of the other paintings there are portrait figures; a woman and child; a girl on a balcony of Anticoli with the little piazza seen beyond, very fine and poignant; a Bali theme once again, full of intricate emotional forms and as closely interwoven as a batik of Java; and other subjects. The collection varies in the quality of achievement, as must be true in every case; you feel the sag in beauty and incisive point, in design and inspiration, though never in intention; the exhibition is overwhelmingly without the prettiness or chatter or scatterbrain that most painting amounts to.

Above all the paintings and, I think, above any picture that Maurice Sterne has done so far, is the large landscape that shows the winding road in Anticoli. The composition of this painting is wound together to the utmost abstraction, with every part a unit in itself and the whole one vital unity. But the eye, nevertheless, begins at the top. At the top is the group of little houses, pale, yellowish, with brown roofs. Up to them from the bottom winds the road. There are houses here and there going up, a woman carrying a water jar is in the lower left corner, her motion different from that of the horses, pigs and asses and their drivers along the arduous road.

The content of this painting is immense, the theme is like a progress of life. It is homely, intense and tragic. The sense of struggling forces, too eternally set together in this struggle to be violent, pervades the whole; it underlies the toiling figures, the happier forms, the incline of the road, the bank surmounted by the olive tree that powders a golden light down upon the scene and balances the lovely reach of country in the opposite corner of the picture. The whole canvas is full of beautiful passages, like that of the boy loading the donkey at the cottage door, or the pigs at their trough, or the green shadows and lights on the ground, or the yellow light on the last curve of the road. You get in this landscape every sense of long thought and much restatement. It has a quality harsh and solid, like a peasant's art, but lighted from within, and from that inner light made rich and luminous. This landscape of Anticoli has preëminently that quality by which the art of Maurice Sterne establishes its greatness: a violent mutiny of single forms which a deep creative power has forced to unity and completeness and to the intense poise of what is alive.

STARK YOUNG.

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Hedda Gabler and Little Eyolf

HEDDA GABLER has been produced again by the Actors' Theatre, with Emily Stevens as Hedda and Dudley Digges as Tesman, the same rôle which he played in the previous production. Mr. Digges, with his usual technical skill and his capacity for embodying his character, repeats his former success; and Miss Stevens has in Hedda a part almost ideally suited to her: she finds an exceedingly happy combination of intelligence, malice, nerves and misapplied emotion. Clare Eames, in the earlier production, was more satisfactory on the side of the moral strength, which, inherited from her father, the General, is one of the elements of Hedda's complex character—which makes possible her unfailing domination over all the other people in the play and which makes credible her swift resolution to kill herself at the end. But Emily Stevens is brilliantly successful with both the perverse and the false-romantic aspects of Hedda, which Miss Eames rather slighted.

The rest of the performances in the present production fall below those of Miss Stevens and Mr. Digges. Mr. Conroy's Judge Brack is not bad; but the difficulty with this part seems to lie in making Brack sufficiently agreeable for Hedda to consent to flirt with him, at the same time as sufficiently smug to represent the provincial society which exasperates her and enough of a cad to try to blackmail her when he finds out about the pistol; and Mr. Conroy emphasizes the first of these aspects at the expense of the others. The Thea Elvsted of Paricia Collinge looks both charming and plausible, but carries no emotional conviction; in fact, the scene where she must be supposed to be most profoundly affected—that of the announcement of Lövborg's suicide—is precisely that where she seems most perfunctory. Thea should be not only simple and gentle, but passionate in her fashion. As for Lövborg, through some unhappy accident, he was miscast in both productions and both times in the same way. Lövborg is supposed to be a sensitive, volatile and fascinating man of genius—the sort of character that John Barrymore does well. But the productions of the Actors' Theatre seem invariably to represent him as the most clumsy, the most heavy-witted and the least interesting person in the play.

Little Eyolf, produced at special matinées in the Theatre Guild's new theatre but not by the Theatre Guild, was very well acted by Clare Eames, Margalo Gilmore, Reginald Owen and John Cromwell. Mr. Owen was perhaps more successful with the fatuous aspects of Alfred Allmers than with the genuine and serious ones; but the figure which he presented — sensitive, ornamental and spoiled—was essentially the right one. Clare Eames brought to the part of Rita Allmers great intelligence and force and probably deserves most of the credit for making effective on the stage what must surely be, from the actor's point of view, one of the most difficult of Ibsen's plays. She is especially admirable in the closeness and the vividness with which she follows her character through a whole gamut of moral phases. On our appreciation of these phases, on the ability of the actress to make us feel them, our interest in the performance depends; and, after the climax of the first act, the dramatist seems to supply the actress with very few theatrical weapons with which to strike home her points. The other characters are sufficiently convincing: only Helen Menken, as the Rat-Wife, is badly miscast. She brings to the part far too youthful a voice, and also one far too reminiscent of popular melodrama.

Both Little Eyolf and Hedda Gabler have been put on with the clothes, the furnishings and the coiffures of the period; and we begin to wonder whether it may not be possible to carry this practice too far. The fashions of the nineties were not in themselves particularly beautiful and they must inevitably strike us nowadays as grotesque. And this is especially unfortunate in a play like Little Eyolf which is entirely occupied with a moral situation—a situation perhaps, as Bernard Shaw used to claim, contingent on a capitalist society but one which has hardly become obsolete between Ibsen's day and our own.

Ibsen may perhaps be even expected to survive his society also, as Sophocles and Shakespeare have theirs. As the theatrical seasons come and go and he maintains his popularity, we begin to realize that he is perhaps really to be reckoned among the few great tragic dramatists. In his combined mastery of the theatre and profound feeling for human character, he deserves a place beside them; we cannot doubt that many generations will continue to be stirred by the intensity and astonished by the intellect which has disentangled a highly complex and a poetic vision of life into the perfect lucidity and logic of Ibsen's plays—which has achieved actor-proof masterpieces of the theatre without ever sacrificing for a moment the seriousness and the significance of the severest art. It is only by reason of the kind of characters with which Ibsen is preoccupied that he impresses and moves us less than the other masters of tragedy. With the tragic heroes of Shakespeare, we are usually first aroused by the magnificence of their abilities or the generosity of their passions; then, when they have fallen, reminded in some flash of the nobility which their faults have undone. But there are only two kinds of people in whose tragedy Ibsen is really interested and both are egoists of a chilling type: one is the self-deceiving popinjay, the fugitive from reality and responsibility, of whom Peer Gynt and Hialmar Ekdal and Allmers are only different incarnations; and the other is the relentless strong man, like Brand and Gregers Werle and Solness, the intolerant idealist, the isolated superman. Nor are there any Alcestises or Antigones among the major heroines of Ibsen: Thea Elvsted falls into the background to make way for Hedda Gabler and Hedvig Ekdal is merely the victim of Ekdal and Gregers Werle. Ibsen's heroes and heroines are all people who have sinned through some failure to respond, or to respond soon enough, to the demands of their fellow human beings: they have failed in sympathy or love; they have been unable to give themselves. And Ibsen understood this type of person to his last self-delusion and pursued him to his last defeat. The courage and the fierce dignity which such people may maintain in defeat is the only kind of virtue which Ibsen is able to make us feel with any intensity: we are less impressed by Rosmer's liberal views than by the limitations which frustrate them and more convinced of Allmers's original selfishness than of his ultimate philanthropic purpose.

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Ibsen's sole attempt at a full-length portrait of a man of amiable and generous nature is Doctor Stockmann in An Enemy of the People, and it is curious to note the characteristic turn which Doctor Stockmann finally takes. One feels that Doctor Stockmann is the sort of man who, loving his fellows so naturally and so warmly, would find it intolerable to be hated by all the people about him—if it were possible for him to arrive in that situation, which seems exceedingly unlikely. Yet Ibsen's character, in the scene at the public meeting where he comes to realize that the whole town is opposed to his hygienic measures, takes the unexpected line of turning suddenly upon his audience and denouncing them with a Nietzschean scorn which can only infuriate them against him. In the end, when they are stoning his windows, he vindicates his moral victory with the defiant declaration that "the strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone." Doctor Stockmann, in that final scene, represents the noblest side of Ibsen; but, in arriving there, he has been metamorphosed from a simple and kindly country doctor into another Brand. We begin to think that it is perhaps not unnatural that feeling should have run against him; perhaps, after all, in his crusade, he has approached his fellow humans a little too much in the vein of Gregers Werle. He finds himself at last in the position of all of Ibsen's protagonists. For evil or for good, like the traitors in Dante's Hell, they have all frozen themselves out of life.

EDMUND WILSON.

Surfaces

IN the main room of the exposition of John Quinn's pictures two canvases each held a wall: Seurat's Le Cirque and a mother and child by Picasso. Between them hung Gauguin, Matisse, Odilon Redon, Derain; Brancusi's Bird stood in the centre of the room. The signature of Quinn's death seemed to put an end to the disputations which modern French painting has aroused; certainly to the Picasso and the Seurat one could say, others abide our question; thou art free. The one is so fine, the other so authoritative in its grandness.

Critics have analyzed this painting of the circus. The long whip of the riding-master curls through a portion of the foreground, dividing the picture into two planes; the sparse faces of the onlookers centre attention on the bareback rider and the horse. It is, perhaps, possible to count the spots of paint. But nothing can explain the glowing luminosity of Seurat's painting, the light in which his exquisite design comes to life. There exists a little drawing by him of a girl's figure; the girdle is obviously drawn in yellow crayon; and it has this same effect of glowing golden with life and color. For all the sardonic figures, the sinister faces he presented, Seurat seemed to be intensely poetical in temperament, or so in love with the beauty of paint that whatever he touched became transfused with a sort of aureole.

The Seurat goes, as Quinn's gift, to the Louvre; the accolade will eventually fall on the shoulders of Picasso, possibly not for the paintings in the monumental Roman manner. It is, in fact, harder to become accustomed to these huge women than to his abstractions; one feels that if he is going to present recognizable figures, it is sheer wantonness to exaggerate so grossly. Those arms like thighs, those baby-fingers like pastry, seem absurd. The drawing, whatever the pedants say, is assured, the ruddy glow of the flesh is alive; the economy of colors, which may be counted a real weakness, removes Picasso another step from the charmers. These things one grants long before one accepts his paintings as harmonious and inevitable units. When that moment comes everything else increases in value. A pure emotion is evoked by his forms and seems to be only intensified, not caused by, his subjects. The joy and the calm of the Quinn picture is in the modeling, in the planes and lines and color, far more than in the "picture" of a mother playing with her child. There is a definite elation of spirit in beholding it, in savoring the triumph of the artist, creating something so precise, powerful, cohesive, in a world loosely-jointed and chaotic.

The sea pictures in the movie version of Moby Dick are superb. The water-spout seems painted in, but the storm that follows has a real quality of terror. The two raids on the white whale have also something fine, a sense of cumulative excitement. It was in the first of these that a music-cue gave away the whole picture, for by inadvertence or in tribute, the band played the Ride of the Valkyrie, a piece of music which every good movie-goer recognizes as the Klan-theme from The Birth of a Nation. With this clue it was entertaining to watch the rest of the picture and to discover that in every essential it might have been taken the day after Mr. Griffith finished his first bid for fame (not quite a firm bid) instead of some ten years later. The Sea Beast, except for the storm scenes and the exceptional qualities of John Barrymore, is old-fashioned; the love-scenes were played exactly as Lillian Gish and Henry Walthall played them; Barrymore's return at the end of the picture for a long-protracted fade-out on an embrace was a deteriorated version of the exquisite meeting of Walthall and Mae Marsh; the unbelievable chromos of the South Sea Islands paralleled the excellent cotton fields of the earlier picture, and there was a duplication of the ball.

A great talent like Barrymore's shows up a tawdry surrounding. Neither in the movies nor on the stage have I ever seen such expression of agony as Barrymore conveyed in the scenes where Ahab's leg is amputated and the wound is seared with hot iron; it was almost too terrible to be borne, and had neither comedy, which one feared, nor beauty of photography, which one hoped for, to give it relief. It was regrettable to see Barrymore in a second-rate picture, and see him occasionally fall into typical movie attitudes; but there were definite moments when he seemed to be working on a technique removed from that of the stage, seemed to be looking for, momentarily finding, a movie-way of acting. That is a way of advance in the pictures; to see it in such a backward example as The Sea Beast was startling. Which way *are* the movies going?

In Tip-Toes Ira Gershwin rhymes "crisis" and "advice is," which is entirely in the manner of W. S. Gilbert and not quite so impudent as Berlin's "dearie" and "Darwin

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theory." George Gershwin's songs range from good to excellent, Sweet and Low Down being the best—it impresses you at once as being memorable, and it is exasperating to find that it is not easily remembered. After these, and the obvious neglect of the real comic talents of Harry Watson, Jr., the important thing in the show is the dancing. I do not remember another chorus so consistently gratifying to watch—none in which difficult steps were so completely integrated into beautiful movements. That is one of the secrets of dancing on the stage, both for trick dancers and for choruses. The applause which breaks out on the fifteenth repetition of a difficult step is worth trying for; but it is ever so much more worth while to work the steps into a satisfying dance, even if the details are not in themselves so visibly difficult to master. The dancing of choruses is by no means a neglected element in our musical shows, but it tends to become a little rigid and imitative. The technical perfection of Ned Wayburn's choruses can grow dull, and I have seen choruses in which the effort to do the steps was much greater, and had to be, than the effort to dance with grace. The dancers in Tip-Toes have everything: the desirable touch of abandon to the music, the light accuracy of step, the freshness of group evolutions, and the unity of group movements.

Question: If the speed of America, that uncertainty and restlessness, the incapacity to attach itself for a long time to one pleasure and refine it, or to one discipline and master it—if this should eventually affect all the arts . . . ? If Negro spirituals, for example, being enormously and properly boosted, should follow the cross-word puzzle? The rapidity with which insignificant things become vieux jeu (*tr.* old hat) shows an appetite, an eagerness, an ability to absorb; but if it is only a trick, a bad habit of mind, what becomes of the arts which require and repay devotion and study?

A recent concert given by Paul Robeson did not fill the hall; the enthusiasm of the listeners was marked, moving, eminently merited by the intelligence and qualities of the singers (Laurence Brown was the other and merited separate applause for the plain dignity of his arrangements). It happens that a deep emotion is one of the rarest things in our concert halls which are full of prodigious technique, conventional programs, and the friends of the soloists. But the newspapers, in justice to their readers, could only devote a bare paragraph to the recital; Robeson, having made his first appearance as long ago as 1924 or 1925 was no longer news, not even artistic news. The same thing is true of a Kreisler; after a few years of caring for his music, one cares more for his reputation, for his consistent way of causing Carnegie Hall to overflow. Yet he has the advantage because the violin never was a novelty; folk songs of the Negro are, or were. The fact that properly chosen, properly sung, they are one of the most important items in the body of our music risks being forgotten because they have been made in a way a stunt. The process is called commerce.

Nothing could be farther from the spirit of these songs and from the way Robeson sings them. Like most Negro singers he articulates faultily; one tries vainly to catch the words even of a refrain: "You got to keep lovin' yo' gospel man" is entirely baffling in the final words. And it is surprising that after hearing countless good baritones in Harlem, one should find the pick of the Negro singers a little lacking in volume of voice. But in phrasing, in direct understanding of the songs, a Robeson is rare among singers of any nationality; in a peculiar dramatic quality, of supplying background to his songs, of calling up images which enrich the simple words, he is almost unique.

GILBERT SELDES.

The Bandwagon

PLENTY OF TIME TO CHOOSE YOUR EXIT

The Rev. Dr. Arthur W. Brooks said yesterday that certain planetary combinations indicated a heavy earthquake. . . . It was Dr. Brooks who announced in the summer of 1924 that the conjunction of Neptune, Venus and other planets strongly indicated the election of John W. Davis. —*New York Times.*

WHY THEY GO TO COLLEGE

Harold (Red) Grange, former star of the University of Illinois football team, in the two years he has held the public spotlight probably has spurred more boys to seek college careers than President-Emeritus Eliot of Harvard in a lifetime. —*Liberty.*

LITTLE LESSON IN SELF-RULE

From such reports as reach me there are indications that more authority should be given to the Governor General of the Philippines, so that he will not be so dependent upon the local legislative body to render effective our efforts to set an example of the sound administration and good government which is so necessary for the preparation of the Philippine people for self-government under ultimate independence. —*Calvin Coolidge.*

LESS NOISE IN THE AUDIENCE, PLEASE

Let us keep quiet. . . . Italy has had enough of empty exhibitionism.

—*Benito Mussolini.*

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

The United States has 1,400 soldiers in Chinese posts under a major general. There are sixteen American warships in Chinese waters. . . . They give security to the missionaries who are working for the spiritual, moral and physical betterment of the Chinese.

—*Chicago Tribune, Paris edition.*

THE FOOT-CONSCIOUS MALE PEACOCK

The shoes bought by men are fewer per capita than they were ten years ago. . . . The man considers his shoes merely a foot covering; still, under the skin he is the same peacock he was in the days of the cavalier, when men wore laces and their slippers bore buckles. The problem is to bring out that inner feeling, to educate a man to a sense of foot consciousness.

—*Address before the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Future of Jazz

SIR: We have three kinds of music critics in our country today. There is the critic who clamors for genuine American music without knowing exactly what he means by the term nor how or where the thing may be found; there is the critic who insists that American music is jazz, and that all that must be done to give it the artistic dignity claimed by the folk-song of other peoples is to deliver it from the dance-hall and the theatre, and pour it into the molds of strict forms; and, finally, there is the critic who admits that jazz is American and delightful, but denies that it can be given any permanent appeal or be adapted to the uses of "serious" composition.

Of this last type is Mr. Abbe Niles whose Lady Jazz in the Vestibule, in the New Republic for December 23, restates the position held by better known but less readable critics like Mr. Olin Downes and Mr. W. J. Henderson. It is precisely this type of critic, more definite than the first and less gullible than the second, that must be refuted, for while their arguments appear indisputably cogent, they commit the disastrous fallacy of missing the point.

They simply do not see *in what way* jazz might become a real influence in forming an American music of lasting value. They do not judge the possibilities of jazz itself, but the unsuccessful attempts of unskilled Gershwins and blundering Chiaferellis to transplant jazz themes literally into their symphonies and concertos, a process by which these themes (good enough jazz by themselves) lose some of their original savor without gaining anything by the change.

The composer who would create American music of permanent appeal cannot create this music *with* jazz but *from* jazz. Some young composer must arise who, more unconsciously than consciously, will absorb some of the spirit and vocabulary of jazz, because he will grow up in an environment where jazz constitutes the musical speech of the greatest number of simple people. He will not speak this tongue as the people speak it (for then he should be as simple as they) but something of its color and form cannot but enter into his own speech, mingle with it, fecundate it, and bring forth something that will be individual and American. Such jazz will not be better or superior jazz; in a sense, it will not be jazz at all, but the personal and unmistakable utterance of an American artist imbued by the common song of his city or people. He will perhaps develop some of the potentialities of this common song, unrecognized till he came, but he will add to it certainly something that was never in it before he came, something his own genius has made it say. . . .

HAROLD E. CLURMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Florida Madness

SIR: I should like to present from another angle this "Florida Madness" of which you have written so fluently in a recent issue of my New Republic. Crabb said: "Madness is a confirmed derangement in the organ of thought . . . Madness is generally incurable." Floridians by adoption or accident find most pleasing the combination of these words "confirmed and incurable" when applied to the so-called madness of Florida.

I also in discussing the so-called boom of Florida am not interested in the economic aspect though I might mention in passing that there are many penniless people who have never seen Florida. You say that the boom is built upon hope. I cannot grant this premise. Hope is blind. Here it is easy to see many opportunities for wealth and happiness. We have a climate and soil which will produce almost anything. I admit there are real estate operators here, same as in New York, Boston or Cape Cod. But they are outnumbered by thousands of investors who like the Astors of old New York have bought to have and to hold. You spoke of the lack of the old American pioneer spirit (whatever that is) in Florida. Seriously, has anyone ever believed that peoples have deliberately subjected themselves to hardship for the good of posterity? As a gentle iconoclast I should like to explode this myth. Why should one pioneer in Florida? That was done years ago by the Flaglers, Plants, Stowes, Benedicts and countless unknown ones.

Florida has been evolving always. Abiding its time as it were. Thousands of retired, hard-headed, self-made men ranging in age from sixty to eighty years have been coming here for a well earned rest. In a few weeks they become rejuvenated. You see them talking, playing and planning day by day wtih their own kind, instead of being relegated to the fireside chair to mark time. Their hearts and purses expand in gratitude and they are inspired with ambition to make and keep this Paradise for their posterity.

Of course there are always in every state the "hangers-on," or vagabonds (bless their hearts) whose tents sometimes spoil the landscape. Even so they are more picturesque than the slums of a large city and their living quarters more healthful. It is most gratifying for the intelligentsia to work together in segregated groups by fireplaces and settle world problems. But should they quarrel with these "restless souls" who prefer Florida the great melting pot of North America? Here in the open under God's beautiful, sunny sky, with nature singing above and below they imbibe knowledge, wisdom and health. And if they are intrigued into repeating the experience year after year why worry?

In our large cities, Boston, New York and so on, halls are crowded every day with women absorbing knowledge and becoming cultured. The men are busy bringing home the bacon. Here in an environment of sunshine, birds and flowers, men and women side by side gather all sorts of knowledge. Who knows—out of this leisure class may come philosophers, artists, statesmen with vision enough to solve such burning questions as the coal strike, whether or not George Washington was a myth, or are women fitted sartorially to become Presidents of this U. S. A. We Floridians are peaceful people, but we shall fight if necessary for our place in the sun.

MOLLIE KENNEY.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

A Dinner for Miss Flynn

SIR: Your readers will, I am sure, be interested in learning of a banquet which the League for Mutual Aid is giving in New York City on February 14, in honor of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's twenty years of activity in the labor movement. They do not need to be told that ever since she was a girl of fifteen, Miss Flynn has been devoting herself to the cause of the workers. Wherever the danger was greatest and the fight most difficult, there she has been found, sticking sturdily to her post.

The dinner will be at seven p. m. at the Yorkville Casino, 210 East 86th Street, New York City. Reservations should be made through the League for Mutual Aid, 100 Fifth Avenue.

RUTH ALBERT.

New York, N. Y. Secretary, the League for Mutual Aid.

Doctor Meiklejohn at Wisconsin

SIR: It is encouraging to note the educational straws of the times. A few weeks ago, Wisconsin University refused an endowment which might have led to future obligation. Now that same institution announces the election to its faculty of Doctor Meiklejohn, former president of Amherst College, Massachusetts, who, thanks to his educational ideals, has not taught since 1923. The trustees of Amherst even in the days of greatest bitterness agreed that Doctor Meiklejohn was "an inspired and inspiring leader of youth." Is it not altogether fitting that such a leader should be permitted to teach? I congratulate Wisconsin University. Through the fearlessness of its president it has gained not only a great educator but a jewel of rare distinction, its integrity as an institution of learning.

New York, N. Y. ARLENE HIPPLE.

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The Changing Intellectual Climate

Science and the Modern World, by A. N. Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 296 pages. $3.

THERE is news in the realm of mind. The intellectual climate, the mentality, which has prevailed for three centuries is changing. The presages of this change have already shown themselves in the natural sciences; since the trend of these sciences has determined the problems, materials and tools of thought for some three hundred years, this veering of the natural sciences imports nothing less than a new mental attitude. Such in effect is the news reported in these Lowell lectures of Professor Whitehead. According to him, the change is not short of revolutionary. A change in mentality is the most significant, the most practically effective, of all changes. "It builds cathedrals before the workmen have moved a stone, and it destroys them before the elements have worn down their arches. It is the architect of the buildings of the spirit, and it is also their solvent—and the spiritual precedes the material." The book is more than an announcement of the arrival of the new mentality; it is also a record of the "great adventure" of reason since the advent of natural science in the late sixteenth century, and an account of the new ideas, associated with the doctrines of relativity and the quantum theory, which have disclosed the limitations of that adventure and which have initiated a new venture of thought.

The paradox of the scientific movement has been its extraordinary success within a defined region, and the perplexity, the enfeeblement, almost paralysis it has wrought outside that region. Its success has been associated with its strict adherence to mechanical ideas, to a materialistic view of the world. Technically, yet fundamentally, that view, those ideas, were the result of certain general abstractions regarding the nature of space and time, for generalized abstractions are the means by which mind approaches and masters the concrete. Indeed, the characteristic which has marked the recent age has been precisely "a vehement and passionate interest in the relation of general principles to irreducible and stubborn facts. All the world over and at all times there have been practical men, absorbed in 'irreducible and stubborn facts'; all the world over and at all times there have been men of philosophic temperament who have been absorbed in the weaving of general principles. It is the *union* of passionate interest in the detailed facts, with equal devotion to abstract generalization, which forms the novelty in our present society. Previously it has appeared sporadically and as if by chance." The crisis, the change in intellectual climate, is due to the collapse of the ultimate ideas about space and time upon which science has been building. "The stable foundations of physics have broken up: also for the first time physiology is asserting itself as an effective body of knowledge, as distinct from a scrap heap. The old foundations of scientific thought are becoming unintelligible. Time, space, matter, material, ether, electricity, mechanism, organism, configuration, structure, pattern, function, all require reinterpretation. What is the sense of talking about a mechanical explanation when you do not know what you mean by mechanics?"

The reader would derive a totally false impression, however, if he inferred that Mr. Whitehead's book is but another version of the oft-played game, in which some breakdown of older scientific ideas is interpreted as a triumph of traditional religious ideas. On the contrary, the difficulty with religious ideas in recent times has been their obstinate resistance to intellectual change. For science, on the contrary, "a clash of doctrines is not a disaster, it is an opportunity. In formal logic, a contradiction is the signal of defeat: but in the evolution of real knowledge it marks the first step in progress towards a victory." Religion has been on the defensive; it has proclaimed certain notions to be vital, only to be compelled to surrender them; its history is a history of undignified retreats. But when "Darwin or Einstein proclaims theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science. We do not go about saying there is another defeat for science, because its old ideas have been abandoned. We know that another step of scientific insight has been gained."

The collapse of the older scientific abstractions in the face of new concrete facts is then an opportunity, and scientific men are rising to the occasion. Since the older science rested upon certain abstract conceptions of space and time, the newer science instead of patching up details and muddling along, is going to the root of the matter; it is radically revising its ulterior abstractions regarding space and time, a revision for which mathematicians had already prepared the way. This fact is, of course, what makes the scientific change so difficult for the layman to grasp; it is not easy to modify notions regarding space and time which have been bred in our intellectual bone since man was: for the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century, the "century of genius" as Whitehead fittingly terms it in his historical retrospect, after all but clarified and simplified man's traditional ideas about the space-time characters of the world in which he lives. Even the scientific man and the philosopher who builds upon science still have to approach the new ideas through a complex mathematical medium; the new ideas are not yet intuitive and spontaneous. Only psychological adaptation through familiar use can work the needed change. Yet Mr. Whitehead, although he does not succeed in making the new ideas intuitive, that is, appreciated in terms of naïve, everyday experience, does succeed in a wonderful way in giving readers a sense for the nature of the change and what it imports.

Technically stated, it is the substitution for the idea of mechanism of the idea of organism. Every concrete reality is of the nature of an organism; that is, it is a whole which endures or has a history, which develops, and which as a whole both reflects into itself the life-history of other organisms and in some degree dominates the energies of its constituent parts. Traditional physical science totally ignored the inner and qualitative characteristics of these organisms, of vital and intrinsically energizing individuals. "The atomic material entities which are considered in physical sciences are merely these individual enduring entities, conceived in abstraction from everything except what concerns their mutual interplay in determining each other's historical routes of life-history." Science took, as it were, certain external relations among the realities as if they were the realities themselves. This is the fallacy of "misplaced concreteness," growing out of the fallacy of the doctrine of "simple location." This latter doctrine, which as already indicated, is essentially a generalized abstraction regarding space, attempted to build up wholes out of simple, independent units having only relations of position and extension (shape and size), and of locomotion; that is, changes of position, size and shape. The entire scheme of mechanical materialism is the logical

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outcome. The result was denial or doubt as to the reality of genuine individuality, purpose, value and history as development, as anything more than a reshuffling of spatial units. As a consequence, philosophy was divorced from science; it like religion adopted a defensive and apologetic attitude, a defender of mind and the things of the mind, but with a defense which reduced mind to a subjective anomaly set over against the world, and making good only as it infected the reality of the natural world with its own subjectivity. The ideas of the new science put an end to the divorce between philosophy and science, not by some trick of "reconciliation," but by effecting a new synthesis of subject-matter in terms of enduring, energetic organisms as the realities of science itself.

The mind is so full of muddled compromises and half-truths that what has just been said may be taken by some to indicate that Mr. Whitehead claims that science has repudiated mechanism in behalf of something called "vitalism." Nothing could be further from the truth. "Vitalism," as he points out, is itself a defensive and dualistic doctrine; it admits old-fashioned mechanism for a certain province, and then arbitrarily makes a cleft in nature for the sake of "saving" something from the sway of mechanism. The doctrine of "organic mechanism" to which science is leading retains with slight modifications of detail the triumphs of mechanical science, including their application to human organisms, personal minds, but points out that the mechanical doctrines deal not with the realities themselves, but with their influence upon one another's life-routes. It does not superimpose superior beings transcending the laws of nature upon the natural objects with which physics is concerned.

Limits of space have compelled me to confine myself to the barest bones of Mr. Whitehead's argument. I hope it may induce some to go to the book itself, the most significant restatement for the general reader of the present relations of science, philosophy and the issues of life which has yet appeared. If the intelligent reader omits the chapters on Relativity, the Quantum Theory, Abstraction and God, he may have difficulties with some detailed passages, but none, I think, in getting the spirit and movement of thought. The book is alive with suggestions regarding the bearing of the scientific change upon the deeper issues of society. I wish in closing to point to simply one of these. He remarks that "biology has aped the manners of physics"; he might have added that with only the tools of the old science at command it was obliged to do so. At the present time, psychology is also aping the manners of physics, and with the consequence, as far as the influence of an influential school is concerned, of mechanizing education and social relations—in the precise sense in which Whitehead shows that mechanism has collapsed in physics itself. It is one of the tragedies of that professionalized specialism of science which Mr. Whitehead reveals and criticizes, that the humane sciences are always adopting and using in the sphere of psychology, education and human relations, materials and methods which the more advanced physical sciences are abandoning. If the psychological school which claims to be the only genuine "Behaviorism" could read and digest the physical ideas which this book sets forth an immense amount of misleading and confusing intellectual activity would be saved the next generation. Psychology emancipated to deal with the behavior of organisms as genuine organisms would be a very different thing in itself and in its educational and social bearings from a Behaviorism which adopts uncritically the basic abstractions which have collapsed in their own region. It would cease taking the behavior of fragments of an organism as if they were the whole of behavior. Without such an abandonment, it will carry into human activity and education, with the pretended prestige of science, ideas which are depressing and enfeebling to what is most valuable in human beings, and which most requires some type of scientific control.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Commoner

The Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan, by himself and his wife, Mary Baird Bryan. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 560 pages. $3.75.

AS Bryan did not live long enough to finish his memoirs, Mrs. Bryan finished them for him. The share of each in this heavy volume is disappointing, for most of the questions one would like to have asked of the Great Commoner remain unanswered. Among public men, very few of whom are capable of writing anything like the whole truth about themselves, Bryan ranks low in powers of self-detachment. Had he ever possessed even a normal capacity for examining his own words and acts, he could hardly have spoken or acted as he did, with fuzzy goodwill, earnest rotundity, and an overwhelming preponderance of bark over bite. Bryan never really got his teeth into anything, never thoroughly understood anything, least of all himself. His stupidity shines forth from this book with a genial, pathetic glare. Pathetic, yes, but also enviable, for are they not happiest who can swallow, early in life, the fog of general beliefs and stick to them, undoubting, until the end? Bryan always believed without difficulty. He thought with equal ease; indeed for him thinking and believing were practically one and the same process. Nothing in his mental make-up marks him as essentially different from the thousands, or millions, of people who at various times voted for him and sat beneath his platform. Emotionally many of them must have been his superiors in depth of fervor, hope and fanaticism; his sincerity, however genuine, always had a certain wound-up, clock-like quality that seemed the reward of practice quite as much as the result of passion. At only one point was he truly unique among his constituents, or gifted above them: he had an unquenchable flow of words, and a marvelous voice, which could be clearly heard at a distance, Mrs. Bryan says, of three long blocks.

It is interesting to speculate what turn Bryan's career would have taken if, instead of silver, his tongue had been merely human. Would we ever have heard of him? Without the voice, would his supply of words, which "flowed along like the steady current of a stream," have carried him into the public eye? Bryan was always an orator. Even in private he seemed to be addressing a large and attentive audience. In a rare fit of candor Mrs. Bryan confesses that he was "a little too absent-minded, a little too didactic" to be "a great letter-writer." What must have been more disheartening than these failings was the feeling that Bryan, from long habit, had become a verbal blunderbuss; he could not shoot at the mark of a solitary listener, but scattered the bird-shot of his wisdom widely. And so his letters to his wife were full of such oratorical exercises as this:

> . . . Beauty, how changing! That lovely bouquet whose beauty charmed while its fragrance enchanted, is falling a victim to the cruel tooth of time. Its form

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still remains, but its freshness has gone forever. Yet why should we wonder? Like the flowers we have grown, and like them we also must decay.

While the portions of the book devoted to important affairs, to the campaigns, elections, wars and positions in the Cabinet are unrevealing, being largely gossipy reminiscence and amiable self-justification, a few little details come to light which make Bryan more human, more visible. His own account of his early years is pleasant, at times almost charming. A typical life, yet a strange one, compounded of virtue, hard work, religion and kindly people. Bryan's father, fallen ill, "prayed as he had never prayed before and promised the Heavenly Father that if restored to health he would pray three times a day as long as he lived." He recovered, and kept the promise. Bryan grew up in this tradition. "I would withdraw from the crowd when I found the boys beginning to swear." As he looks back, he is "increasingly grateful for the religious environment" that surrounded him in his youth. "The period through which one passes in the journey from youth to maturity is quite likely to be accompanied by some religious uncertainty. In the course of nature the child will substitute the spirit of independence for the spirit of dependence. During his transition period . . . he sometimes finds himself more self-reliant than he ought to be and less disposed to be influenced by advice of others. It is just at this time when the parental authority is weakening that usually the student begins in the study of the physical sciences. If he is unfortunate enough to fall under the influence of mind worshipers, he may be led step by step away from faith into unbelief." The Tennessee trial in a nutshell.

Similar chunks of solemnity are rare in the memoirs. In contrast here is Bryan recording how his first expense at college was "oysters and needles—15c," how "when I played baseball I was usually assigned to the right field, where my inefficiency would least embarrass the club," how his first legal job was collecting $2.60 owed to a saloon for drinks. Swiftly we pass from the days when he was struggling to earn $1,500 a year to national affairs. The gap between Bryan the young lawyer and Bryan the nominee is wide, and he tells us little to explain his rise, beyond the fact that he "formed early the habit of attending national conventions." When he attended, it was seldom without managing to make a speech. And here we learn something a trifle disillusioning. The great "Cross of Gold" speech, which we like to think the product of one fiery moment, was not entirely spontaneous. "I had used it a few times before, recognizing its fitness for the conclusion of a climax, and had laid it away for a proper occasion."

In between conventions Bryan was doing all sorts of things. He induced Philo S. Bennett to leave some money to buy the ground where he was born "and upon it build a city library." He raised a provisional Nebraska regiment in 1898, and in choosing his officers, "recognized each of the six Congressional districts of his state." He was photographed with Tolstoy, he spoke with the Tsar about free speech—"Yes, free speech. I thought he needed to hear about it, and he seemed quite interested." In Japan he drank to Admiral Togo's victory in water: "When he wins a great victory on champagne, then I will drink to him in champagne." And all the time he was making speeches, on all sorts of subjects, traveling all over the country, stepping into his Gladstone bag and treading down the contents until everything would get in. During campaigns the speech-making became really serious. He toured Ohio for a week, making sixty speeches in forty counties to 250,000 people. During one convention he received 1,182 telegrams, averaging three names to a telegram. Bryan was as proud of the arithmetical measurements of his public as a ball-player is of his batting average, and recorded it no less accurately.

What a curious public it was, including, among millions of sober, solid citizens, thousands upon thousands of cranks, who manifested their adoration in strange ways. Now Bryan was presented with a large floral pillow, diagonally marked "Eloquence"; now another friend, fearing for his safety, sent him a coat of steel mail. Probably they amused him as much as they did Mrs. Bryan. Her list of them is fantastic: "a large watermelon in a gilded laundry basket, a cane made from macerated newspaper editorials, a stuffed alligator, four live eagles, a bandwagon, a dog, four volumes of Thomas Jefferson's works, a potato with sixteen sprouts to one potato, fungi strangely resembling the candidate . . . "

There were mental tributes to match, of course, and there are certainly a great many people in this country whose opinion of Bryan, of politics, religion or indeed anything is not unlike one of these canes or fungi. For them Bryan was a great man, a prophet, a redeemer, defeated by the forces of Wall Street, science and Republicanism. They never knew what he was like, for he was too much like one of themselves. ROBERT LITTELL.

Murder, Piracy and Justice

Murder, Piracy and Treason, by Raymond Postgate. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 254 pages. $2.50.

THE title is too sensational for a book so mild and scholarly. Except to a minor degree, it isn't the crime which interests Mr. Postgate, and we should turn his pages in vain if we expected to find a treatise on betraying kings or committing murder gracefully, with æsthetic implications. He is concerned primarily with the criminal trial. Thus, his book opens with the story of a trial by combat under Richard II. It closes with the remarkable case of Charles Peace, an elderly gentleman of refined tastes, who played on the violin, made interesting sketches, revered Queen Victoria, and was hanged for, roughly, a thousand robberies and two murders.

There are fourteen other trials between these two. The trial of a corpse for heresy. In Stuart times, the trial of two witches. The trial of William Penn, which ended when the jury was sent to jail. The trials of young Jack Shepherd and Jonathan Wilde the Great, illustrated with contemporary engravings. The mysterious murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, resulting in the execution of a dozen innocent Catholics. Like most other historians, Mr. Postgate has his individual theory of this crime; he believes that the assassins were friends of Titus Oates, and thus belonged to the Puritans and Whigs.

Partly these trials were selected for their inherent interest, and partly for the light they throw on their social and historical background. Mr. Postgate succeeds in both his aims; in the first because of an engaging style, abundant material and a sense of the dramatic; in the second for reasons which take longer to explain. His sense of perspective is excellent. He has definite and sound opinions on the forces—social, economic, philosophical—which determined the course of English civilization. And he possesses the feeling of history: a rare faculty which might be

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defined as the ability to visualize a citizen of London under the eighth Henry or second George as something else than a floorwalker or court stenographer in fancy dress.

Possibly he gives false emphasis to the idea of progress. He states the facts of legal history: that under the Stuarts a prisoner was allowed no counsel; that his life could be perjured away by any two enemies; that his own witnesses could not be forced to attend the court; that until the moment of the trial he was not informed of the exact charges against him. Under these conditions thousands of innocent men could be brought to the gallows; and the reader, with a glow of comfortable satisfaction, thinks that modern jurisprudence has made all this impossible.

However, the truth may be that our elaborate formulas of trial were made necessary by the complication and dishonesty of modern civilization even more than by our concern for abstract justice. This much at least can be said: the first of Mr. Postgate's trials was decided by combat and ended in a just verdict. One of the last was a trial for treason under the Castlereagh administration. The prisoners were provided with counsel; knew the charge; had witnesses; were protected with all the safeguards devised by eight centuries of English law, and yet the trial ended in an abominable miscarriage of justice.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Recent Novels

The Plumed Serpent, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Lolly Willowes, or The Loving Huntsman, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

Comes the Blind Fury, by Raymond Escholier. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Cloud Cuckoo Land, by Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, by Anita Loos. Illustrated by Ralph Barton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

MR. LAWRENCE has lately been in Mexico. We have not, so we must believe what he says about it. It is easy to believe the sharp, living descriptions, at which Mr. Lawrence is a past master; it is not so easy to believe him when, as happens on nearly every page, he seems to be suffering from the attack of spiritual fleas. The best of The Plumed Serpent is made out of things he has seen and felt himself, the strange story that moves across the landscape grows less and less real, finally burying itself in mystic caves of the Pagan Mayas. Kate, an Irishwoman, falls under Mexico's spell; she is at once repelled and fascinated, homesick and unable to get away. She marries, with the ancient rites of the lost god Quetzalcoatl, Don Cipriano, whose blood is almost wholly Indian. She is lost to civilization, she becomes wedded, not only to a man of primitive calm and strength, but to a history full of blood and terror, a race in the mongrel gap between Spain and America, a land without mists or shadows, knowing only dry heat or savage rain.

The Plumed Serpent is not really about Kate or Don Cipriano, but about Mr. Lawrence himself, and his volcanic annoyances and irritable yearnings. In the best of his books the lava lay underground, so that we felt the earth excitingly hot under our feet. In this book, as in St. Mawr, which preceded it, Mr. Lawrence gives way to petulance. What Kate feels about the Mexicans, their cruel simplicity, their filth, their strength, their childishness and their essential wisdom older than history, is not what a character would feel, but what Mr. Lawrence is itching with inside himself. Humanity, by no means only this Mexican humanity, but all people, have great power to rub him the wrong way. He is forever on the watch for evil, forever incredulous, forever receiving secret slaps in the face, but forever coming back for more. He cannot get on without humanity. He must go on burrowing in its depths. He must go on sampling its blood, tasting it, and talking about it. How, when the blood running through all of them is so much more interesting than any one character, can he remain a novelist? A novelist is a maker of people, but Mr. Lawrence is a destroyer of them. He would much rather boil them down to their essential blood and bones than build them up out of nothing into words. He is no longer a novelist, but a frantic, agonized seeker after mysteries. Since the mysteries are at once too deep for him and too simple, a great deal of his feverish temper seems the result of not being able to fathom them when he would like to.

Mr. Lawrence is too complicated and civilized for his own comfort, and when he is uncomfortable, which is nearly always the case, his reader necessarily shares the mood. At times it is an exciting, exhilarating discomfort, at times it is no more rewarding than several dozen mosquito bites. All honor to those who refuse to sink contentedly back and let the world run over them. And some credit is due Mr. Lawrence, as man if not as artist, for his honest persistence in flaying his characters to see what lies under their skin. But after a prolonged régime of his mixture of superb description, unsociable fury and molten nonsense one longs for something completely harmless and respectable. Whatever may be Mr. Lawrence's other faults, his chief one is that he defeats his own purpose by making us, after heavy drinking of his acid, black and bubbling cup, want to rush out and devour a nice clean batch of home-made cookies.

Lolly Willowes is a very sweet and nice cookie indeed. After a few bites, we begin to wish we had stayed with Mr. Lawrence. Lolly Willowes is a vaguely poetical story of an old maid turned mystical witch. It is quite simply and charmingly written, with here and there stabs of genuine beauty and happy phrase. The chief character is done with restraint and gentle, brooding feeling. But in the end it is all so mild, so like an interior decorating shop of the emotions seen by candlelight, so full of quaintish names, Nannie Quantrell, Great Mop, Mr. Bunting, Pott's Dingle, Mrs. Leak, Miss Larpent, Mr. Saunter. The English countryside, with its dells, darknesses, visitations, sunrises and curious rustics, even when slightly overcast with the supernatural, has little more left to say to us in other than first-rate hands. Back to D. H. Lawrence and his sizzling blood-quest.

It is hard to see why Raymond Escholier's title La Nuit is changed in English to Comes the Blind Fury, for the simpler title suits the book admirably. Here is one of those ample, warm stories which the French do so competently and, for our taste, so much too often. A love-child, a carefree, happy girl, comes to live with the sour parents of her unforgiven father. A story of repression, escapades, final blindness, drawn with sincerity, charm, credibility, and many other standard literary qualities, but somehow not as good as it ought to be. A little too painstaking perhaps, a little too constantly dwelling on the main theme, a little too pedestrian. Not a few novels have been written in this country similar to Escholier's in soundness and humanity, but the Frenchmen, this one particularly,

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Saturday, Feb. 20.—**Houston Peterson:** "The Dramas of Ibsen."

Monday, Feb. 22.—**Mr. Scott Buchanan:** "Varieties of Scientific Experiments."

Wednesday, Feb. 17.—**Dr. Horace M. Kallen:** "Why Religion?"

Thursday, Feb. 25.—**Dr. E. G. Spaulding:** "The Evolution of Ideas."

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while they are often behind in the more adventurous qualities, are still way ahead in the use of their tools, and better skilled in turning out neat, substantial work. But it's a long way from craftsmanship to art.

The historical novel is both tempting and dangerous. The further back one goes in history, the greater the pitfalls. A story about Egyptians, for instance, would present terrific obstacles. One could summon up splendid appearances, scenery, Pharaohs, but how would these people talk to each other, how would their ways of behaving be different from ours? Greece is easier, but still almost impossible to do well. Nothing that we can invent about them, if it has any pretensions to accuracy, is likely to be as moving as their own records. Cloud Cuckoo Land, while much better than its foolish title would lead one to suppose, does not strike us as particularly Greek. The incidents and the background are probably true to certain Hellenic facts, but a great deal of it, its tone, and what its people say to each other, seems not so much Greek as English.

The vein opened up by Ring Lardner is a rich one, and in many ways Anita Loos has beaten Lardner at his own game. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes is best described as 100 percent readable. Miss Loos is not as skilful as the creator of The Golden Honeymoon at making her characters keep in key, but she is on the whole much more inventive, and has that happy headlong sense of humor that makes one suddenly laugh out loud. Perhaps her experience in the movies makes a happy ending inevitable. At any rate, the winding up of the story is hasty and feeble. We for one would have liked it to go on and on indefinitely. M. H.

Samuel Kelly, the Diary of an Eighteenth Century Seaman, edited by Crosbie Garstin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 320 pages. $5.

THIS extremely inviting volume proves a little disappointing on closer acquaintance. It is not that the times of which the diary is a record are not stirring, or that the experiences described are not such as to chill the blood of the imaginative—it may be that they do not sufficiently chill the blood or stir the imagination of the writer. It is undoubtedly heroic to take hardship as a matter of course, and hair-raising adventure as all in the day's work, but to be too convincing in relating it as such is unfortunate. We recommend Samuel Kelly to those who can appreciate unassuming fortitude and draw upon historical imaginativeness to supply their enthusiasm. D. B. W.

Through a slip of the pen, reference was made last week to Senators Fess and Willis "of Indiana." It is of course Ohio which has the honor of being represented by these gentlemen.

Contributors

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, the well known British economist, was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference.

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE, an ordained minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is News Editor of The Churchman, and is on the editorial staff of The Outlook.

JOHN DEWEY, professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, is the author of Creative Intelligence, Human Nature and Conduct, etc.

MALCOLM COWLEY is a poet and reviewer. His translation of Delteil's Jeanne d'Arc will appear this spring.

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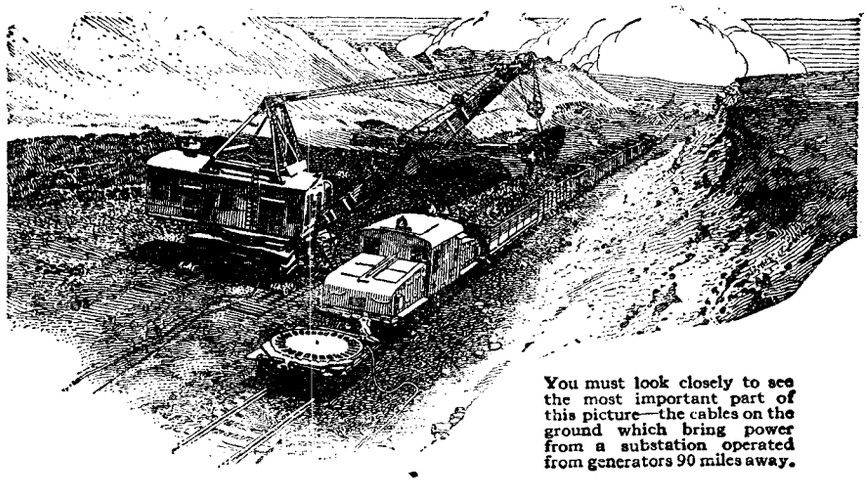

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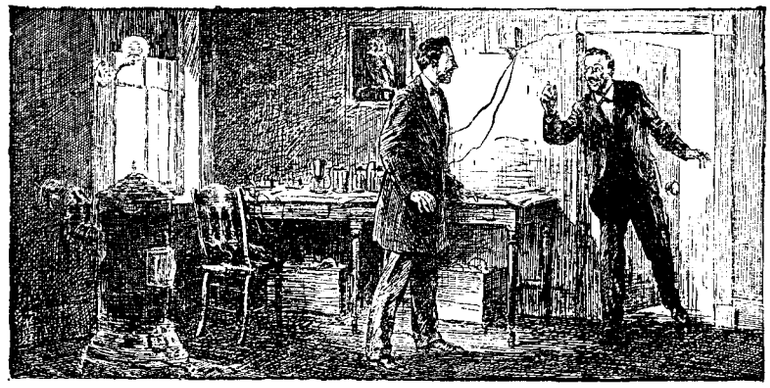

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